

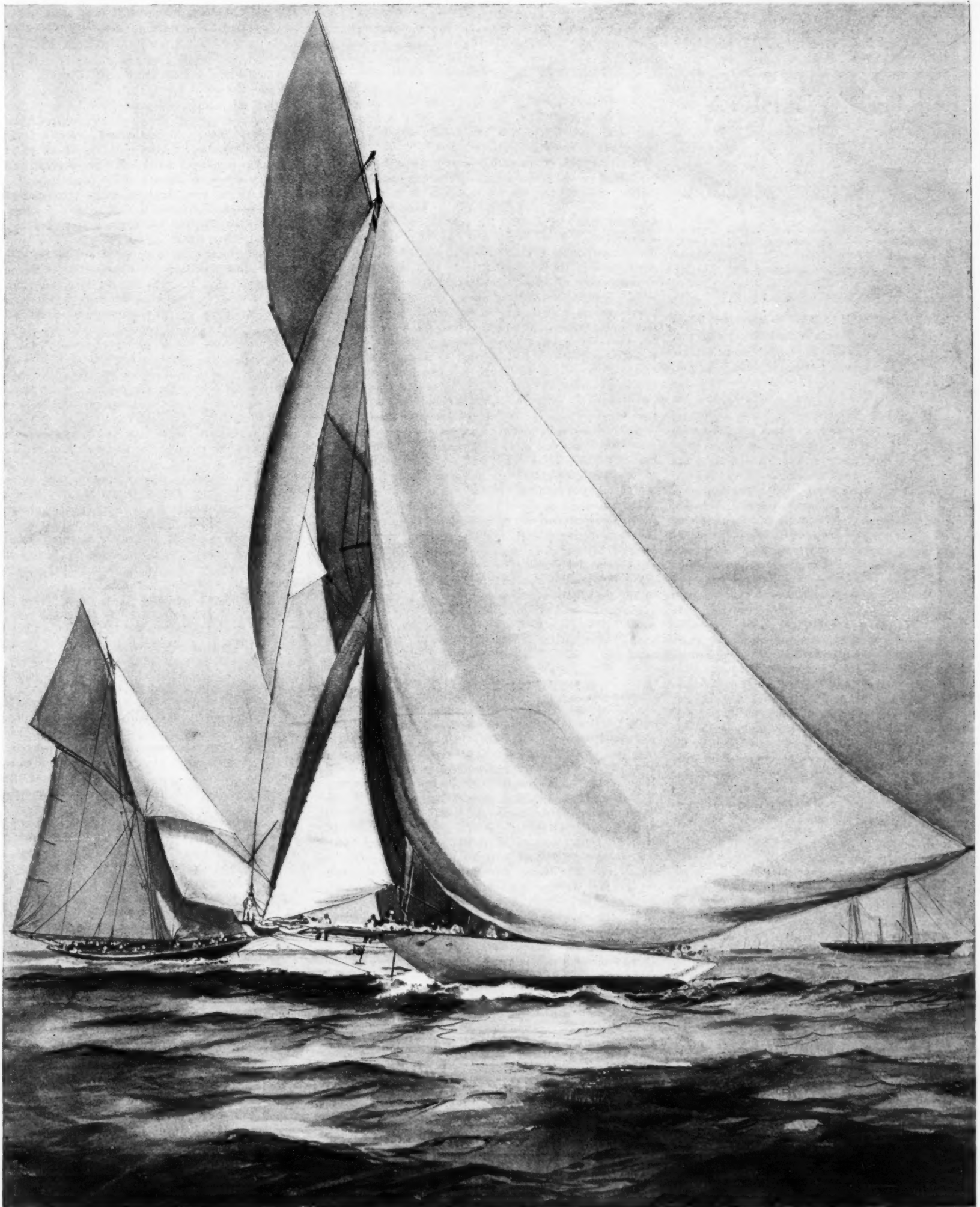
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 21, 1893.

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THE TRIAL RACES OF THE FOUR CUP-DEFENDERS.

THE "VIGILANT" ROUNDING SECOND MARK AND BREAKING OUT SPINNAKER FOR THE TEN-MILE RUN HOME IN THE RACE OF SEPTEMBER 9TH.
THE "JUBILEE" SECOND, WITH SPINNAKER-BOOM TO PORT, READY FOR ROUNDING.—DRAWN BY F. H. SCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 191.]

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LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

W. J. ARKELL.....Publisher.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 21, 1893.

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THE BUSINESS SITUATION.

A MARKED improvement is apparent in the business situation. Confidence has been in a measure restored by the action of the House of Representatives on the silver question, and by the belief that the Senate will ultimately concur in the repeal of the Sherman act. Mills are resuming operations in various parts of the country. Banks are adjusting themselves to normal conditions. The premium on currency has disappeared. Commercial paper commands comparatively ready sale; and in other respects evidences multiply of a restoration of healthful enterprise. It may be safely said that the crisis is passed. But it can hardly be expected that the business recovery will be full or complete for some time to come. The mercantile stagnation has been so general, the losses have been so large and widespread, that recuperation will be necessarily a slow and gradual process.

We are among those who believe that the troubles which we have recently experienced were inevitable under the silver policy we were pursuing, and that, like humors in the human body, their development was a mere question of time. So long as they have tried us, they might have proved infinitely more disastrous if the country had not awakened as it did to an understanding of the logic of events. Postponed for six months or a year by any patchwork remedial measures, the panic, unavoidable in the nature of things, would, we believe, have proved incalculably more harmful and destructive than that we are now escaping.

What is now needed is that, with the restoration of confidence among business men, politicians will recognize their duty as good citizens and cease their attempts to turn the facts of the situation to partisan account. Republicans as a rule have displayed throughout a patriotic temper in dealing with the questions which have been forced to the front; in Congress they have given the President a cordial and vigorous support in his efforts to restore a sound financial policy; but there are some would-be leaders who still need to learn that he serves his party best who serves his country best. Republicans can well afford to leave to Democratic obstructionists the disreputable business of delaying necessary legislation and intriguing for party advantage at the cost of the public prosperity.

If, with the passage of the Silver-repeal act by the Senate, Congress will at once adjourn, leaving the questions of the tariff and the readjustment of our banking system to the regular session, we may reasonably expect a speedy deliverance from the perils, real and imaginary, which have confronted us, and a restoration of ordinarily prosperous conditions throughout the country.

THE HOME-RULE REJECTION.

THE rejection of the Home-rule bill by the House of Lords was a foregone conclusion, and the vote of ten to one by which that result was reached did not much exceed the general estimate. The scene during the final consideration of the bill was picturesque and suggestive. Twenty-two bishops attired in their capacious robes were present, and every peer who could be reached by the Conservative

whips was in his seat. Extraordinary efforts had been made to secure a full attendance, with a view to making the vote as overwhelming and decisive as possible. One peer of the realm is said to have returned from a hunting excursion on the Zambesi River in order to be able to cast his vote against the bill. The announcement of the rejection of the measure was received with "cheering and laughter." It is not improbable that some of those who participated in this rejection will live long enough to realize that their victory was scarcely a matter of merriment, but rather of very serious import to themselves and their country.

For it is a mistake to suppose that the contest is over and done. It is but fairly commenced. The Home-rule act was an embodiment of the principle of local self-government; an expression of the tendency toward a recognition of popular rights which is everywhere unsettling the ancient foundations. It is impossible that the will of the people as expressed by the House of Commons should fail of final triumph over the passions and prejudices of the aristocratic and titled classes. In antagonizing the popular demand and the tendencies of the time the House of Lords has challenged the democracy of Great Britain to fresh encounters, and this challenge will be accepted. Already there are indications of an aggressive campaign against the House of Lords, which in point of bitterness and vehemence will eclipse any assault which has ever been made upon that body.

An illustration of the spirit which animates the Liberals is afforded by one of the ablest Gladstonian organs. This journal characterizes the upper house as composed of "proud, titled, luxurious, and in the main stupid and frivolous men," who stand for only two interests, "rent and snobbery." It is charged that many of them have "abhorrent memories" behind them, and it is urged that there can be no security for popular rights until these "out-of-date appanages of an impossible social system" are swept aside. It is obvious that the coming campaign will not be merely an attack on a political system, but largely on the men who compose the upper house. There is much in the personal lives of many of these to justify this virulent attack; but it is with their relation to the political affairs of the kingdom that the people are most concerned, and there can scarcely be a doubt that an agitation having as its objective the enforcement of the popular will as against the obnoxious "classes" would result in final success. Of course it is not likely that Mr. Gladstone will dissolve Parliament and appeal at once to the country. He may send the bill to the Lords a second time and compel them again to face the issue, but with a majority of only forty-two behind him this is hardly probable. But there can be no doubt that when an appeal shall be made to the electorate such an indorsement will be given to the home-rule principle as will greatly re-enforce the Liberals in their further struggle to secure its enactment into positive law, and make its second rejection by the House of Lords a matter of supreme peril to that body. Sooner or later, as the result of the agitation now in progress and the growth and expansion of Liberal ideas, the ancient and venerable body which has so long been the bulwark of special privilege and titled arrogance will be compelled to recede from its untenable position.

NOMINATE GOOD MEN.

THE *Tribune* calls the attention of the Republicans of New York to the importance of making their legislative representation at Albany "trustworthy both in the matter of personal integrity and steadfast devotion to sound party principles." This counsel is timely. The truth is that the Republicans of this State have not for some years been as careful as they should have been in their selection of candidates for the Assembly. Nominations have been too often made with reference to mere local or individual interests. Men of eminent character and undoubted equipment, whose claims to recognition were unquestioned, and who rightly aspired to legislative honors, have been set aside because they were unfavorable to this or that party leader, and mere facile tools of personal or corporate interests have been placed in nomination without any reference at all to the real interests of the party or the State. This sort of nomination always operates to the prejudice of the party. It discourages laudable personal aspirations, and at the same time checks the enthusiasm and chills the interest of the rank and file in the party success. It makes possible the supremacy of the vicious and incompetent, and exposes the commonwealth to constant risk of pernicious and unsafe legislation.

The character of our legislators has unquestionably deteriorated during the last few years. It has not infrequently happened that men elected as Republicans have proved themselves Democrats in disguise, and have not hesitated to betray their party in important crises. At almost every session laws are passed by Republican votes which are expressly designed to strengthen the hold of Tammany Hall upon this metropolis or to enrich its chieftains and their retainers. Governor Hill was always able to command the support of some Republican legislators in furtherance of his iniquitous personal schemes. This fall no man ought to be nominated in any district of this State who cannot be absolutely depended upon to stand by his party under all circumstances, and to make the interests of

the State his supreme concern in all his official actions. It is time that the legislation of this Empire State should be conformed to the highest standards, and that the Republican party should vindicate its claim to the popular confidence by setting its face against all aspirants for position whose only recommendation is that they are able to manage a partisan caucus, or wear the collar of some man who arrogates to himself the right to determine the party policy or has axes to grind at the public cost.

THE SENATORIAL OBSTRUCTIONISTS.



SELDOM has there been a more audacious exhibition of contempt for public opinion than has been afforded by the handful of obstructionists in the United States Senate, who have employed all the resources at their command under the rules, to delay the repeal of the silver clause of the Sherman act. If there ever was a case in which popular

opinion was practically unanimous it is this. Outside of the so-called silver States the conviction is almost universal that the financial disturbance and business disorders from which the country has so greatly suffered were due to the silver-coinage policy authorized by that act. Every board of trade and commercial body, outside of the city of Denver, has demanded its repeal. Every great financial and industrial interest has voiced the same demand. The people in all the great business centres; bankers, manufacturers, merchants, farmers, workingmen of every sort and kind, have clamored for the speediest possible relief from the distress which, under the obnoxious law, was steadily becoming more widespread and acute. To this strong demand the House of Representatives responded, not as promptly as it ought to have done, but after permissible debate, and with an emphasis which instantly reassured the country. It was natural to expect that the Senate, having had equal opportunity with the House for discussion of the whole general question, would act promptly upon the repealing act sent to it, by an overwhelmingly decisive vote. There was not the shadow of an excuse for delay. On the contrary, every consideration, whether of personal duty or of the public interests, demanded urgency. The business of the country was deranged; its industries were paralyzed by apprehension and alarm; our whole monetary system was disintegrating and helpless. Patriotic men in the Senate, recognizing the perils of the situation, insisted upon immediate action. But up to this hour absolutely nothing has been done. A few men, a mere handful, controlled either by mercenary or malignant motives, have defied the popular voice, defeated the wishes of the majority of their associates, and prevented by dreary debate and other obstructive methods the readjustment of the business of the country to sound and safe conditions.

No words of condemnation which can be applied to the course of these men will overstate the gravity of their offense. It is idle to pretend that the Senate is a law unto itself; that it is not amenable, in the sense that the House is, to public opinion. It has no chartered rights which exempt it from responsibility to the people. It is as much and as truly bound to register and embody in law the thought and will of the constituency behind it as the House itself. With it no less than with the latter body the public necessity should be the supreme law. That necessity has been all along apparent. No prolonged debate was needed to prove its existence or make it more clear and real. And that has never been the purpose of the obstructionists. Their motive has been altogether different. What was it?

Is it possible that any of these Senators have been holding out for some compromise promising personal advantage to themselves? Have they been prostituting their office for purposes of partisan gain? Have they dared to trifle with the welfare of this great people in order that they may effect advantageous dickers with "the gold bugs" of Wall Street, or promote the interests of a special class in the silver-producing States?

Whatever may be the motives controlling these men, it is certain that they do not spring from a patriotic regard for the public interests, or a true conception of their own high office. And they may rest assured that, however they may beguile themselves into a contrary belief, they will be held to the just responsibility of their acts, and pilloried as they deserve in the popular opprobrium.

AMERICAN FAIRNESS COMMENDED.

THE *London Spectator* regards the decision in the Behring Sea seal controversy as a distinctive triumph for the cause of arbitration. Referring to the predictions that the arbitration would inevitably prove a failure, that the American judges would simply act as judges on the Bench, etc., it says that, on the contrary, it has been shown that arbitration is not only feasible but the best possible method of settling international disputes. As to the charge that the American judges would act unfairly the *Spectator* says:

"The American judges did not simply say 'ditto' to their advocates. Mr. Justice Harlan for the most part gave his vote on the side

on which Lord Hannen gave his, and joined with the majority of the court in virtually upholding the contentions put forward by England. It would be the height of bad taste to praise Mr. Justice Harlan for thus discharging a plain duty honorably and well. No one who knows the character of the great tribunal to which he belongs would suppose for a moment that one of its members would decide a point of law except as his conscience and honor directed him. Rather it must be a matter of envy that it should have fallen to the lot of a judge of the Supreme Court of the United States of America, rather than to one of our own judges, to prove to the world that the judges of the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon race, when it is their duty to do equal justice, not between party and party in a civil suit, but between two great and sovereign nations, will do it absolutely uninfluenced by considerations of nationality. Mr. Justice Harlan has shown that he would no more lean toward America when sitting on a court of arbitration than he would lean toward the side of his own State in a case argued before him in the Supreme Court at Washington. The notion that the foreign arbitrators would think only of how to make the decision tell in favor of their national interests, and that this, for some unexplained reason, would necessarily lead them to give judgment against England, has proved equally groundless. The case against arbitration, as we are accustomed to hear it, has, in a word, completely collapsed; and it has been shown that you can get from a competent tribunal a verdict consonant with sense and reason."

The tribute here paid to Justice Harlan is eminently deserved, but he simply represented in his action the dominant characteristic of the higher American judiciary—high-minded independence and conscientiousness in dealing with all questions involving important principles and the rights of the individual and the State.

TREASURED HOARDS



THIS is a time of hoarding. Men are hiding their gold and greenbacks in odd receptacles—in sombre vaults, in old stockings and garret crannies, and bureau drawers with secret niches. But many of these old drawers hold more precious things than silver and gold—treasures of memory and affection, memorials of lives and events whose value no scales can weigh.

Here is an old letter, stained and creased with age—it is a voice from a far past. You remember well when it came to you. Your boy had gone out, full of hope, seeking a sphere of usefulness in a distant land. Life was to him a garden in which he thought to gather golden fruit. He found it a battle-field strewn with slain hopes and vanquished ambitions. But there was in him royal stuff, and so he faced all obstacles with undaunted faith, and step by step made his way. From time to time messages came to you recounting his struggles and triumphs. This letter, dimmed with age, is one of these. It was the last that ever came. How often you have read it in the silences of the years that have passed since then. Here beside it is another letter. It came one day when the sunshine lay all along the hills, and your heart was jocund with song. How, as you read it, the sunshine became a mockery, and the heart grew dumb with agony. Your boy had sickened, died—died with your name on his lips; and they had buried him among strangers. That was the message of this letter from an unknown hand. You sit with them both before you, your clasped hands in your lap, your eyes looking away into the dim and fathomless beyond. Presently you will lay them away again, and with a new tenderness in your heart turn to waiting duties. For life goes on and duties press and burdens need to be borne, though hearts break and the chariots of death jostle in the streets.

A ring—token of a childish friendship. You recall the day when your fair young schoolmate, in the hour of parting, put it on your hand. The tides of life carried you apart; you have never seen her since, but now and then a message comes to you from a far pagan land where she labors in the service of the King; and the ring you have always with you. What a frail little circlet it is, and how typical of the slender sphere in life which both of you have outgrown. The dreams of childhood are wide as the continents, and they reach to the stars; but how meagre, after all, they seem compared with life's great and solemn realities. We set our faces, like old Semiramis, for the conquest of the world. We will build highways for coming generations, and plant gardens and open fountains and erect monuments; but when in mid-life we come to ourselves, we realize that these material things count for little; that the greatest of all conquests is the subjugation of one's self, and the greatest service of all is just to be useful to our fellows. That is the lesson this treasured ring, memorial of one who learned it in the far-off time, teaches you and will not let you forget.

A tress of hair. How often you caressed the head whence it was taken one bleak and sorrowful day which stands spectral in the waste of years! Your first-born and your best beloved! Other children came to you; grandchildren gather about you now and sweeten life by their loving ministries; but the hand that leads you is the baby hand which was loosened from your clasp, and the voice that more than all other voices declares itself amid life's tumults is the voice which long ago, tiring of earthly discords, attuned itself to the heavenly harmonies. Thank God that some notes from these translated singers, caught up out of our clinging arms, sometimes fall from the

upper spaces, softening as they come the dissonances of this lower state.

There was never a face which had for you so much of heaven in it as this which looks out from this faded ambrotype. It is, indeed, a pallid and wrinkled face, but it was from your cradle-dreams the one unfailing benediction of your life. Scarred, indeed, in life's martyrdoms and crucifixions, but it was by these that your life was sheltered from hurt and pain. Blanched and pinched with age, but it is your mother's face, and its very seams and pallor have a benignant beauty in your sight which no other face in all the world has ever matched. Happy the man who cherishes the memory of his mother's face. Most miserable of men the one to whom there never comes a vision of the saintly face whose smiles beamed his childhood hours.

A pair of shoes; an old book with a sister's name on the fly leaf; a flower from your bridal veil—these, too, are among the old drawer's treasures. That bridal day, recalled by this one spray—it was the door of paradise to you. How every incident that marked it comes back to you now. It was thirty, forty, fifty years ago; there have been losses, griefs, and wounds, but there has been compensation for them all. The hand into which you put your own on that fair day still holds you in its clasp; his arm still supports and steadies you in your pilgrimage; you are going on together, cheerfully, joyfully—so cheerfully and joyfully that you forget you are traversing life's downward slopes and are coming near its purpling sunset. Has the world a sweeter picture than this; husband and wife, beaten of storm and strife, gray-haired, rich in the memory of mutual struggles and sacrifices, passing serenely, with slow but steady step and hand in hand, into the gathering twilight of life's closing day?

The hoards in our secret treasure-places—how much of inspiration, of comfort, and of helpful suggestion there is in them!

TARIFF REVISION.



THE New York *World* condemns the action of the Ways and Means Committee in arranging for public hearings on tariff revision during the present session of Congress. It says truly that the agitation of this question at this time is "extremely bad policy," since it will keep the country in a disturbed condition and operate to the prejudice of business interests. It is not likely, however, that the protests of the *World*, and those who agree with it, will make much impression upon the more radical tariff reformers. They are inflexible in their purpose to break down the present system, and they will not make any compromise with those who prefer a moderate course. So far as principle is concerned, they are the more consistent of the two. If the Democratic platform means anything at all it means that the protective system must be destroyed, root and branch. Being, as they regard it, unconstitutional, its existence cannot be justified for a single hour, and the party will be faithless in duty if it refuses to use its power, promptly and effectually, for its overthrow. The logic of the argument is indisputable. At the same time it is not at all probable that the radical plan of tariff revision will prevail. The party managers understand perfectly that its embodiment in positive legislation would expose the party to overthrow, and they have too keen a relish for the spoils of office to endanger their possession by rash and precipitate compliance with the demands of zealots of the Watterson stamp. They will tinker the tariff here and there, enlarge the free list, and so on, and then go to the people with the old pretense of supreme solicitude for the public interests, sublimely unconscious that the party has violated its solemn pledges and forfeited its claims to the respect of the honest men in its own following. And these last will acquiesce in their betrayal, as aforetime, and so again the "party unity" will be preserved.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

An illustration of the practical sympathy which, as a rule, exists between American employers and employes is afforded by the action of Mr. William Barbour, president of the Barbour Flax Spinning Company of Paterson, New Jersey. This is one of the large concerns of the country, and is widely known for the quality of its products. The relations of the company with its employes have always been characterized by mutual respect and good will, and this feeling has recently found fresh expression in the decision of Mr. Barbour to reduce the rent of all its tenants who are operatives twenty-five per cent. during the period the mills are running on short time. Acts like this are worth more than tons of argument for the prevention of antagonisms between capital and labor.

The Philadelphia and Chicago police have shown commendable vigor in dealing with the anarchist blatherskites who have sought to provoke tumult and violence during the recent business depression. In the former city the preachers of revolution and outrage were arrested without hesitation, while in the latter, gatherings of the disaffected

have been dispersed with a prompt decision worthy of all emulation. In New York, the police authorities, during the absence of Superintendent Byrnes, tolerated incendiary speech as a matter of no concern whatever, and if it had not been for that official's return and resumption of his duties we might have drifted into serious troubles. With his firm hand upon the helm there will be no reason for apprehension that the pestilent anarchists will make any serious headway. They are only brave when authority is timid and hesitant.

It is understood that the government proposes to so begin in earnest the work of deporting the Chinamen in this country who failed to register as required by the Geary law. It has fifteen thousand dollars on hand for this purpose, and as the cost of transporting Chinamen from San Francisco to China is thirty-five dollars per head in lots of five, and other expenses amount to as much more in each case, it is obvious that only a fraction of the one hundred thousand unregistered Chinese now in the United States can be got rid of by this process. But a beginning will be made, and it is probably hoped that Congress will make a further appropriation to meet the necessary expenses of fully complying with the law. It may be doubted, however, whether the people will ever consent to the expenditure of seven millions of dollars for the execution of a law which is conspicuously unworthy of a civilized nation.

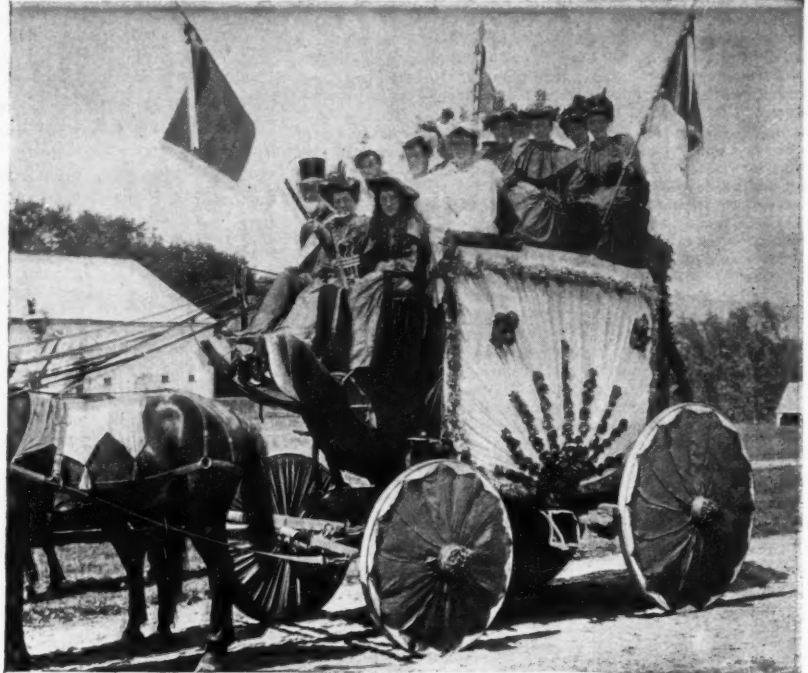
THE Democratic members of the House Ways and Means Committee do not appear to relish the facts brought out at the tariff hearings illustrative of the benefits of the protective policy. It has been shown not only that certain "infant" industries have developed wonderfully under the present tariff, but that as a result of this development the cost to the consumer of the articles produced has been reduced. Thus new avenues of employment at good wages have been afforded to thousands of workmen; we have kept our money at home instead of sending it abroad, while at the same time growing more thoroughly self-sustaining and independent of foreign sources of supply. It is the testimony of practically all the persons who have appeared before the committee as representatives of the newer industries that if they should be destroyed by a reduction of existing duties the prices of imported goods would go back to what they were before the McKinley act was passed.

Nobody will be surprised at the determination of the Democrats in Congress to repeal so much of the Federal election laws as relates to the supervision of elections in the interest of the purity and integrity of the ballot-box. That party is always and everywhere in opposition to honest elections. Its ascendancy in some States of the Union is due entirely to the suppression of the votes of the actual majority, while in others it rests upon systematic frauds on the suffrage. The Federal election laws were designed to secure every citizen in the right to cast his vote without molestation, and to have it counted as cast; this and nothing more. That is a constitutional right; and the only possible object of repealing the legislation enacted to enforce it is to so increase the difficulty of its exercise as to make its enjoyment impossible. The fact that the laws in question have been a dead letter for some years past does not diminish in the least the guilt of those who propose to abolish all protecting barriers and give free rein to the spirit of lawlessness. The day will come when the country will condemn as it deserves the wholesale assault on the monuments of the public security and the rights of individual conscience.

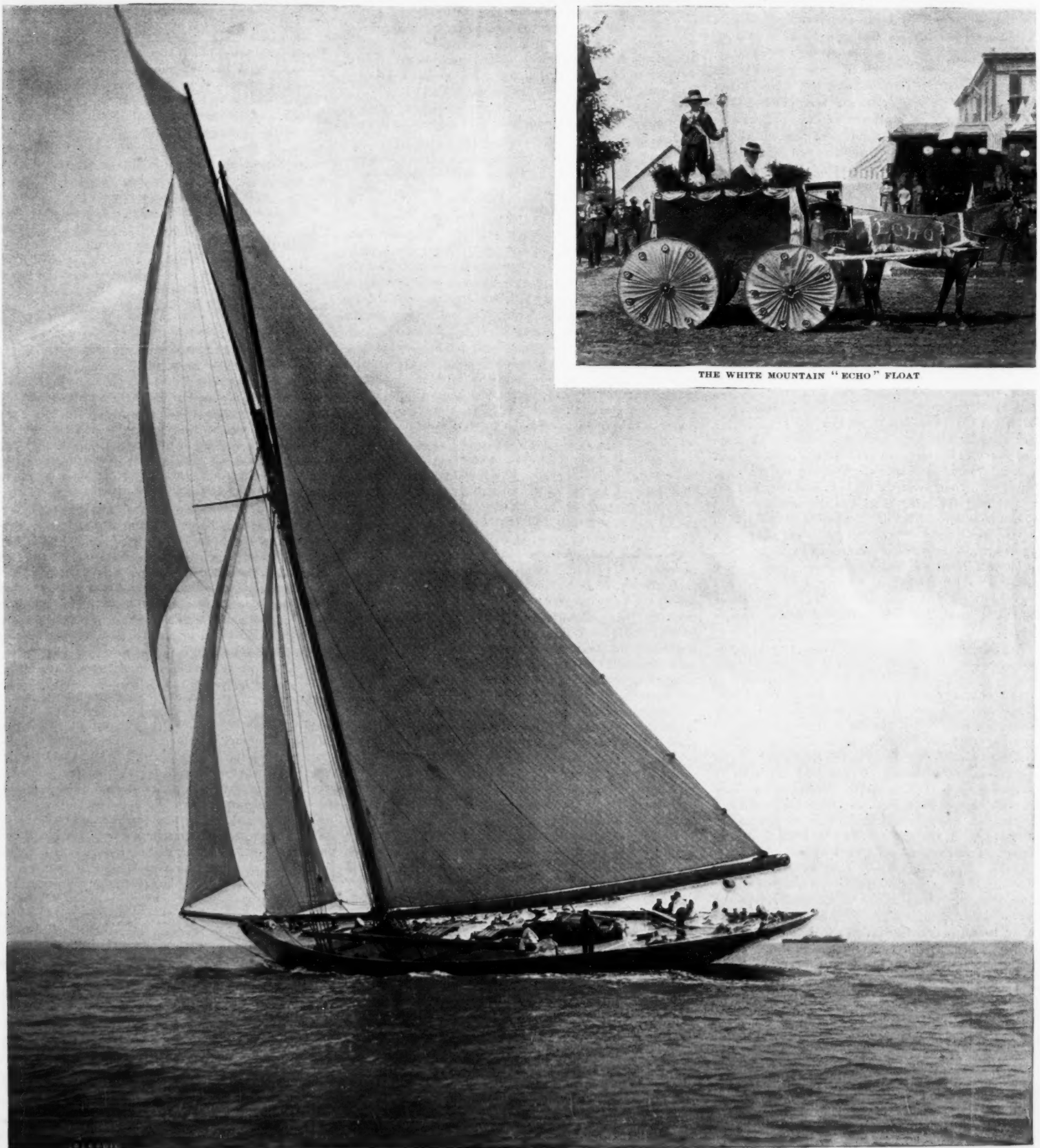
THE resolutions adopted by the recent Pan-American Medical Congress in reference to the perils of emigration from cholera-infected countries will command public approval. These resolutions declared, as the judgment of the congress, that in view of the prevalence of cholera abroad, emigration from European countries in which cholera exists should be temporarily suspended, this being in its opinion the only certain means of escaping a threatened invasion. The fact that cholera cases have appeared in England, and that it has made serious ravages in other countries, seems to emphasize the desirableness of the action suggested by the medical congress. There is no doubt that we are in better shape for resisting cholera invasion than ever before; the sanitary and quarantine arrangements are perhaps as complete and perfect as they can be made. The expedition with which the government authorities, together with those of this port, applied the resources at their command for the suppression of alleged cholera cases in Jersey City shows how vastly we have improved our methods of repression and prevention, and how much more easily than aforetime epidemics can be handled. But it remains true that the most perfect methods will sometimes fail of adequate prevention. A complete suspension of emigration from countries where the cholera exists would assure us comparative safety. If the plague continues its ravages abroad, it would seem to be the duty of our government to carry out the policy suggested by the medical congress.



MAPLEWOOD (N. H.) COTTAGE COACH.



THE SUNSET PAVILION COACH, NORTH CONWAY, NEW HAMPSHIRE.



THE WHITE MOUNTAIN "ECHO" FLOAT

THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN'S YACHT "VALKYRIE," THE ENGLISH CONTESTANT FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP.—[SEE PAGE 191.]



MRS. NELLIE GRANT-SARTORIS AND HER LITTLE DAUGHTERS, VIVIAN MAY AND ROSEMARY.



MRS. JOHN CLEVELAND OSGOOD.



MRS. JOHN W. MACKAY.



MRS. GEORGE B. WILLIAMS.



MRS. WILLIAM WAYNE BELVIN.



MRS. M. RONALDS.

AN OUTING WITH THE SPIRITS.

BY MARY B. MULLETT.

FOUR weeks of ghostly intercourse! Four weeks with the spooks and spirits! Four weeks during which one could daily and nightly remark with the poet,

"Every leaf a phantom,
Every breath a sigh!"

The proprietor of the summer hotel always describes his resort with no stinted draughts on his imagination. He calls upon the heavens, the earth, and the waters under the earth to produce any known feature of summer life which he cannot supply. He challenges the globe from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand to offer a longer list of attractions than he does. But not one of all the lordly train ever recognized a particular avenue of illimitable possibilities of which the society of spiritualists have taken possession.

This society purchased a lovely hill overlooking the town of Clinton, Iowa, christened it Mt. Pleasant Park, and here they hold an annual camp meeting—a kind of reunion of the dead and the living. A great many cottages have been erected, and every year a mushroom growth of tents springs up to accommodate the visitors who come from far and near—mediums, clairvoyants, mesmerists, healers, and the crowd of simple believers, not to mention "the innumerable throng" of ghostly attendants. There is something fascinating in the idea of spending one's summer with the dear dead-and-gone people. It is such a literal recognition of the spiritual as well as the physical needs of mankind. Chautauqua pales into insignificance beside Mt. Pleasant Park, and a course of summer lectures on the master minds of antiquity, for instance, cannot compete with a series of talks with the great men of all ages. One could plan such a delightful vacation to be passed under the trees of the camp-ground.

"Where are you going this summer?" asks some friend.

"Oh," you reply, "I expect to spend a few weeks with Cleopatra and Seti and Rameses and Cleopatra—you know I am so interested in ancient Egyptian art. And I shall have a little visit with my cousin who committed suicide last week. Am so anxious to learn his motive. And Dick Brown met such a lovely spirit girl there last summer, and I want to know her. Dick was fascinated."

This last mention suggests what possibilities lie in the selection of a spirit for one's "summer girl." In the first place, how delightfully airy and cool! No perspiring fingers. No limp and drooping bangs. No purpling cheeks as you climb the hill. Always cool, diaphanous, her very touch a soft breath, her walk a dreamy glide without effort, without noise. Then how trifling her weight as you row against the stream or assist her to mount her phantom horse. How quickly she could vanish at the approach of stragglers. And at the close of the season what a delicious absence of responsibility for the future, with its vigilant mamma, its stern papa, and its nightmare of a breach-of-promise suit. Verily, Mt. Pleasant Park would seem to offer a delightful solution to the vexed question of the "summer girl."

True, there seems to the outsider something very weird and uncanny in the thought of the invisible multitude by which he is surrounded, but to the initiated the idea appears to be shorn of all its perplexities, and they are not at all oppressed by the ghostly contingent of the company. They eat, drink, and are merry. They have a social dance two or three times a week, and they indulge in an occasional "powwow." The latter event is a mark of courtesy to the Indian spirits, who are very numerous and communicative. Indeed, in this latter respect they seem to be making amends for the excessive disinclination to speech which they exhibit during life.

The street-cars run to the gate of the park, and after depositing ten cents with a cynical-looking man, who returns you a pitying smile for change, you may follow the well-worn path which leads up the hill. The cottages are built facing each other, huddled close together, and looking upon an "avenue" about thirty feet in width, well beaten by the feet of the faithful and the unlightened footsteps of the outer barbarian.

One August afternoon I climbed the dusty

path leading to the pavilion to attend a "public seance." My expenditure of a second dime to another cynical man gave me admittance to a well-filled hall, and being somewhat late, I occupied one of a group of chairs at the right of the platform and facing the audience. Other conditions have been mentioned at various times as instrumental in curtailing the feminine and lengthening the masculine locks. But judging from what might be called the inverse proportion of hair in that audience, I should say that spiritualism was without a rival in the accomplishment of this result. The faces were strongly marked, and were quite easily divided into two classes, those of the deceiver and those of the deceived. The former were alert, smiling, and showed anxiety half veiled with satisfaction. They were the faces of those who had "posted" the medium, and their lips almost moved in unison with his, lest his memory should fail him or his invention falter. The other faces were eager, wide-eyed, expectant. Each glowed with the hope of being singled out by the medium as he pointed now at one, now at another, for whom he had a "communication."

This medium was a comparatively young man, whose physical personality had two striking characteristics. One was his voice, which was the most phenomenally unpleasant thing in the oral line to which I have ever listened. It was high, rasping, contracted. The other noticeable element was his eyes, which, small, half-closed, and with a bleared far-sightedness, seemed to catch your gaze and draw it deeper and deeper until with a shudder you released yourself, only to be again entrapped by those wily glances. He spoke rapidly, with many grammatical lapses, and drank frequently from a glass which he filled from a pitcher of water on the table.

As I entered the room he interrupted himself with one of these many draughts, and then, "dabbing" his mustache vigorously with his handkerchief, he resumed:

"Emergin' out of these conditions I see a spirit who leads me over to that lady," pointing to the centre of the audience; "that lady with some black lace on her head. Yes, you! And this spirit stands behind your chair, and I see over your head the name of Simpson—Horace Simpson. Is that right?"

"Yes," responds the elderly woman with the black lace scarf over her gray hair; "he was my husband."

"Keep still!" exclaimed the medium. "Let the spirit do the work." Then, rubbing his hand across his forehead, he exclaimed: "Say, that man must have went out sudden!"

I found that this phrase, "he went out," or "he passed out," was a spiritualistic idiom for "he died."

"He must have went out sudden," resumed the medium. Then, with much waving of his arms and rubbing of his forehead, he said: "Oh, dear! I hear such a noise, and there is such a tremendous wind. Say, that man was killed in a cyclone, wasn't he?"

To which the elderly woman gave a tearful assent.

"Well," said the medium, "he tells me to tell you that he didn't suffer as much as you think he did. And he tells me to say to you that the paper you have been worried about—you know, that one you have been carrying about with you—that paper is all right. You needn't worry about it."

Then up spoke the old lady:

"I think you are partly mistaken. I have been worried about a paper, but I have not carried it about with me."

"Yes, you have! yes, you have!" interrupted the medium. "You can't fool me. You have it with you now. Oh, you needn't worry, I won't tell where it is," and the laugh which followed drowned the old lady's feeble protest.

The medium poured himself another glass of water and proceeded with another communication, this time from a facetious Major Dow, who spelled his name backward in the air, winked at the medium, and told him to turn it around for himself and see what it spelled. Then a message was pronounced from an emphatic spirit, who asserted that "it was that d— bottle of acornite" which was responsible for his untimely taking off. And another communication was given from an enterprising ghost who asserted

his intention of joining his friends in a certain speculation, and announced, cheerfully, that they would all "make a chunk." The medium was on the most familiar terms with the spirits, and wasted neither time nor ceremony in his dealings with them. It was fairly bewildering to an outsider to hear him snap his fingers in impatience and exclaim:

"Come! Tell me what you said! Hurry up! Don't keep me waiting! What? Oh, pshaw! hurry up and tell me your hind name!"

This latter expression turned out to be an idiomatic proof of his being the medium of an Indian spirit, for a few questions after the meeting ended elicited the following information.

"Why," said the speaker, "every medium is under the influence of some 'controlling intelligence'—that of some one who has gone out, and who brings the communications. When I spoke in the seance it was not I that spoke, but my 'controlling intelligence,' the spirit of Sunbeam, an Indian maiden who went out a great many years ago."

"Why are so many of the controlling intelligences the spirits of Indians?" I asked, being struck with the quality of communicativeness which, with that of goodness, seems to be the property of a dead Indian.

"Well, they have lived so close to nature," was the reply, "that they are better mediums for intercourse with the spirits."

This answer seemed so satisfactory to those who were standing by that I simply said, "Oh!" and silently left the hall and began a tour of the grounds. The day had been one of unusual interest at the camp-ground, for in the morning had occurred the funeral of an elderly gentleman who had died a day or two before. It seems that the invalid had been aware of his approaching end, and had, therefore, prudently made all the arrangements for his burial, even to the selection of the medium who should be present, and the designation of the spirit who should speak through this medium. However,

"The best laid plans of mice and men
Gang aft a-gley,"

and it was with no small dismay that the attentive friends found that another spirit than the one designated had been seized with a determination to speak at the funeral, despite the wish of the corpse. The one selected by the deceased was an eloquent spirit, flowery in speech, tender and pathetic in the touching nature of his remarks, while the usurping phantom gave a scientific and analytical discourse. Every one agreed that it had been interesting, but they said it was a pity that he would not yield to the spirit whose services had been requested.

While I sat on the porch of one of the cottages, listening to this account of the rival spirit orators, a man came suddenly out of the opposite house, and stopping some passers-by, said:

"Excuse me, but I see by your side a little boy"—much glancing around by the people addressed but no little boy to be seen—"and he calls you, madam, 'aunty,' and I think he went out not long ago. He says to tell you that he is well and happy and he sends his love to all the dear ones at home. Excuse me for stopping you, but I had to tell you," and he re-entered the house, leaving a group of bewildered people, who at once began casting about in their minds for a possible deceased nephew—and of course succeeded.

At a cottage near by was displayed a case of "spirit photographs," showing the subject surrounded by floating and indistinct faces, hands and figures, in whose dim outlines one was sure to detect the lineaments of some dead friends. At a small house at the corner of the "avenue" there was displayed a sign stating that "spiritual manifestations" would be given every evening "in the light." As I approached, a group on the porch were discussing with eagerness the occurrences of the previous evening's seance. I asked what "spiritual manifestations" were given and how expensive they were, and found that for the modest sum of fifty cents I could receive, on my handkerchief, a communication from some deceased friend.

A sad-eyed woman showed me, with rapturous belief, a coarse cotton handkerchief on which was scrawled a line or two in violet ink. She interpreted it to me as

"DEAR MOTHER:—Am well. Love to all.
"YOUR DARLING DAUGHTER."

It being as yet only afternoon I was obliged to deny myself this novel method of correspondence, so I slowly descended the hill, thinking of that mother's face as she read the pathetic forgery, until, as I passed through the gate, I met the ironical glance of the receiver of my dime. I returned him a counterpart of his smile, to show that I, for one, had not been imposed upon, and—"emerged out" of the fantastic "conditions" of the afternoon to ride prosaically back to town in the jolting horse-car.

The White Mountain Coaching Parades.

THEIR ages are respectively six and four years, and which is the fairer or the more fashionable only the hard-working progenitors and admiring partisans of each can justly tell. Sad to relate, the West Side—although the senior by fully three years, and certainly old enough to know better—lost a year of growth by a little sulkiness over an award of prizes in 1891. Thus it happened that the West-Siders were paradeless in '92, while the East-Siders surpassed even their previous efforts at North Conway, and evolved a gorgeous and interesting affair.

The "prizeless parade," as the Bethlehem pageant of this year has been called, was planned largely through the efforts of Mr. Markensfield Addey, the sightless, yet far-sighted and genial editor of the *White Mountain Echo*, who, believing that heart-burnings were to be avoided at any cost, doomed it to a coaching procession in which beauty and virtue were each their own great rewards, with not even a banner or silver trophy to boot.

It was a great success, nevertheless, as the 22d of August was a sort of fair-day oasis in a dreary waste of rainy days, and every cottager and visitor, from near or far, united in proving that good-fellowship and success were more than personal animosity or prizes. It was proven, too, that the picturesque floral festivals of the continent are very pretty even when transplanted to rocky New England, and the golden rod, aster, and maple-leaf serve to take the places of roses, lilies, and anemones.

The visitors were early in Bethlehem Street on that eventful day, but the procession of fifty gorgeous coaches and carriages did not start until "high noon," as the social chroniclers say. It moved to the sound of music, of college cries, hotel calls, and murmurs of admiration from the Maplewood Park to the Centennial House, two miles away. The Maplewood Cottage coach, which forms our illustration, led the procession. It was a fairy creation of pink and silver, and carried a party of well-known New York people. The Maplewood House coach was also occupied by a New York coaching party, while some of the gentlemen guests of the house were seen as "whitened" minstrels.

The *White Mountain Echo* appeared in a clever representation of its title-piece, a tiny Alpine boy blowing a mountain horn; a device which was much admired. The Sinclair House coach was covered with thousands of snowballs, and its second coach, decorated in the house colors, green and white, carried a swell crowd from Sorrento. The Waumbek at Jefferson sent a fine English brake, upon which was seated a bevy of beautiful girls in white gowns, who carried huge bouquets of yellow chrysanthemums to match the garniture of their parasols and the color of their sashes. The Fabian coach was gorgeous in green and gold, and that of the Twin Mountain House, generally a prizewinner, was tastefully decorated, and carried its usual quota of pretty girls.

A classic representation of melody was sent by the Uplands in Bethlehem, a charming boat float from the Alpine House at North Woodstock, and the Pemigewasset valley stage-coach, overloaded with beauty, from the Flume House in Franconia Notch. A party of Indian boys and girls from the encampment at Strawberry Hill, dressed in native costumes and riding in a wagon made of birch bark, attracted much attention. Among many other interesting features were private turn-outs, advertising floats, and hotel coaches, vying with each other in characteristic decoration and fine effect. The pleasant day ended with games, dancing, and fireworks, according to the time-honored custom.

The clerk of the weather, whose local habitation is the signal station on Mount Washington, literally proved himself above all sectional rivalries, and gave to North Conway on the 31st of August an exact copy of the delightful day vouchsafed to Bethlehem more than a week before. The railroad magnates were a little more partial however, and people assembled early on the lovely intervals of North Conway by the thousands, coming from Portland and Boston in numerous special trains to witness the festivities of the day. The town was in gala dress to greet the visitors, and they were invited to take seats provided by the wayside along the route of the procession by the generosity of a railroad president who has a summer home in that picturesque place.

General M. C. Wentworth, of Wentworth Hall in Jackson, as the marshal of the day, was assisted by a large mounted staff of ladies and gentlemen aides, who were all thoroughly at home in the saddle—for riding is a fine art in North Conway. The numerous private turn-outs, both within and outside the procession, were very interesting, too, and very tastefully

decorated. The Intervale coach, which led the parade, of course took the prize for the best horses and the best undecorated coach, and the Maplewood Cottage coach, which had first appeared at Bethlehem, came down through the mountains to capture the banner for the coach coming the longest distance. The Crawford House coach was an historic vehicle (a genuine relic of real coaching days), and the Sunset Pavilion coach, which has carried off prizes galore for decorations in previous years, yielded first place this year to the Kearsarge coach, which was the admiration of all beholders. But the Sunset Pavilion never yields the palm for its pretty girls to any house in the mountains. Among the other hotels which were prize-winners were the Ridge, the East Branch House, the Bellevue House, Wentworth Hall, Fabyan House, Gray's Inn, the Fair View House, Russell Cottages, Sunset Pavilion, Macmillan House, Twin Mountain House, Forest Glen, Edgewood Cottage, Idlewild Cottage, the Clarendon, and the Centre Villa. The lady's whip for the best single team fell to Miss Overhieser, and the prizes for the best decorated single teams to Miss Addie Gibson and Maud Lane Barron.

Base-ball was the chief after-dinner interest, and the tired spectators enjoyed the various concerts and watched fireworks displays in the evening. But youth and beauty, who knew no fatigue, were to be seen at the hops held at the various hotels until a late hour, and at midnight the sound of coaching-horns on many a gayly-decorated coach might have been heard reverberating among the mountains as they carried their merry freights "over the hills and far away."

EDITH PERRY ESTES.

The English Poor Law.

ENGLAND and Wales have one poor-law system; so has Scotland and Ireland also, but the underlying principle of the three systems is the same. It is to relieve destitution, but in doing so to take extreme care not to place the recipients of relief in a better position than that held by the lowest class of self-relying laborers. The board charged with its administration is known as the Local Government Board. At its head is a minister, usually with a seat in the House of Commons and a place in the Cabinet. In 1834 the whole of England and Wales was mapped out into eleven poor-law divisions, which in their turn were subdivided into unions, of which there are now in all 648, each with an average population of 45,000. For poor-law purposes a large number of parishes join to form a union and to establish a common workhouse. The term parish with us always signifies an ecclesiastical division, and the old ecclesiastical divisions are still adhered to for poor-law administration all over the country, and in London for local government in addition. Outside London these old divisions, which date back centuries, are only observed for church and poor-law purposes. The areas of our towns and cities are defined by acts of Parliament, many of them of modern date, and these are divided into wards for local government precisely like Boston or New York. It is not so with the areas for poor-law administration. The poor law as it was established in Queen Elizabeth's time had the parish for its area, and notwithstanding three and a half centuries of change the poor-law system is still identified with the old ecclesiastical divisions, although for generations past the church has ceased to have any direct share in its administration.

In each union what are known as Guardians of the Poor are elected by the rate-payers. These elections take place annually. All householders are entitled to vote; some have as many as half a dozen votes, all depends on the amount at which they are rated; but the law is specially careful to see that property has its due influence on the board. There is no pay attaching to the position of guardian. The duties of a guardian are all defined with great strictness by the Local Government Board, and if a difficulty arises its inspectors are always on hand with their counsel.

There are two systems of relief, indoor and outdoor, and the only important matter which is left to the Boards of Guardians is whether they will or will not work both systems. It is within their power to say that in their union there shall be no outdoor relief, and that all persons in need of help from the poor fund shall go into the workhouse. The question of outdoor relief is the battle-ground of poor-law politics in England. It is always with us. Parliament has declined to draw a hard-and-fast rule in the matter; so has the Local Government Board; and in consequence guardians of each union are called upon to settle for themselves their own line of policy in regard to this vexed question. In the majority of unions the

tendency is to confine all relief as much as possible to that administered within the workhouse. In others outdoor relief has been abolished altogether. A union in which both systems are in force best illustrates the working of our poor law. Each union maintains a workhouse, which is in charge of a master and matron, aided by a porter who keeps the gates, and who usually receives the tramps and acts as labor master. There are no other officers whose duties are confined to the house. The doctor and relieving officers have offices within its walls, and have some duties there; but their work, especially that of the relieving officers, is mostly on the outside. The master has supreme control. Except in very rare cases, or in cases of misconduct, all these officers hold their positions for life. National politics has no part in poor-law administration; the members of the Boards of Guardians are almost invariably elected without any reference to their Conservatism or their Liberalism, and the politics of a poor-law official has nothing to do with his appointment or his duties. It is the same with all our civil servants, no matter whether connected with departments in London directly under Parliamentary control, or with local government or poor-law administration in the municipalities. No questions are ever asked them concerning their politics; no change of government brings them any anxiety, and such a thing as an assessment for political work is unknown to them.

The Boards of Guardians meet fortnightly for the purpose of passing on the work of the several committees into which the board is divided, and of hearing and determining all applications for relief. The guardians are compelled to give a hearing to all who apply, if the applicants have already applied to a relieving officer. We will take a few cases as examples of those which come before the board. The first shall be that of a married man with a wife and family, who is out of work or broken in health, and is at the end of his means. Although the union may administer both outdoor and indoor relief, this applicant would have no chance of receiving outdoor relief. He would be examined as to his chances of obtaining work, and then told that he and his family could be received into the workhouse. If he accepted that offer he would be separated from his wife and children, but allowed to see them once each day, and both husband and wife would be set at work, the one in the stone-yard, the other in the laundry. The husband could discharge himself at any time on giving a few hours' notice to the master, but he would be compelled to take his wife and family with him, and if he desired to come back, to make a second application to the Board of Guardians. Our second case shall be that of a widow left with three or four young children. If she could show that she was really making an effort to maintain her home, and that her relatives and friends were helping her to do so, the guardians would probably vote her a weekly allowance of seventy-five cents or a dollar, and a small allowance for each child. If the applicant appeared to be a shiftless and ill-managing woman she would be offered the house, and would have to stay there until her prospects brightened or her friends undertook to provide her a home. For all practical purposes she is a prisoner while in the workhouse; she is allowed out occasionally, but the time of her going and returning are rigidly fixed, and any tardiness will bring upon her a sharp punishment. The children are educated at the pauper schools. In some unions these are in the workhouse; in others they are apart, and are administered in a spirit altogether different from that of workhouse management. When these children reach the age of fourteen the boys are put out as apprentices with the local tradesmen, or go into the army or navy. Whatever they do is a matter of their own choice; they are never forced into the Queen's service, and whether they elect to be soldiers or sailors or to go as tradesmen's apprentices, the Board of Guardians does not cease its oversight of them until they are of age. It is the same with the girls. When they are old enough and sufficiently well-trained to go out as domestic servants places are found for them, and an eye is kept upon them until they are of age, or until they marry. These girls turn out exceptionally well, and, in fact, the success which has attended the treatment and education of pauper children is without doubt the brightest and most satisfactory feature of our reformed poor-law system.

In the case of women deserted by their husbands the guardians usually offer the house to those who apply for relief, and as soon as a woman of this class has become chargeable under the poor law the relieving officers and every policeman for miles round are on the lookout for the runaway husband. When he is arrested he is haled before the local magistrates and ordered to pay the amount which the guard-

ians have expended on the maintenance of his wife and family. If he fails to do so within a reasonable time he is sent to jail for three weeks or a month. By this means a married woman can have redress against a husband who has deserted her for another woman. There is no criminal law under which she can secure his punishment, and it is altogether impossible to bring his paramour to justice. It is not so with the recreant husband. If his wife is a woman of determination and at all vindictive she can go before the poor-law guardians, state her poverty and its causes, and receive relief. The police are then soon after the husband, his portrait at once has a place in the *Hue and Cry*, the official police gazette, and in a short time he is given an opportunity of explaining his conduct and his intentions before the police magistrates. If he repays what has been expended by the poor-law guardians for the maintenance of his wife, and the costs attendant upon his arrest and prosecution, all is well; if not he goes to prison.

There are two classes of people who give our poor-law guardians great trouble. These are the able-bodied rogues and vagabonds who will not maintain their wives except when compelled to do so by frequent terms of imprisonment in her Majesty's jails, and the class of young and able-bodied women who are mothers without being wives. In regard to the latter class, the guardians act toward the fathers of these women's children as they do toward recreant husbands, and if the men fail in the payments which the justices have decreed they shall make they also are sent to prison, but cannot be detained there for more than a month at a time. When one of these offenders comes out of jail at the end of a month he is allowed a complete month in which to make some attempt to pay up arrears. If he makes no such attempt, back again he goes to jail for another month. There are hundreds of young men all over England who spend alternate months in prison for year after year under this provision of our poor-law system. Over the unmarried mothers the poor-law guardians have no very effective control. Practically they can come and go into and out of the workhouse at will. They can discharge themselves whenever it suits them to do so, and come back when their health or condition renders their return absolutely necessary. Destitution is the only condition necessary to their admission to the workhouse, and the only condition of their leaving is that of taking their children with them.

The cases I have cited are fair examples of what come before the poor-law guardians at their fortnightly meetings. There is one more class, and just now this is one of the most important, for it is in connection with it that the present demand for inquiry into the working of the poor law has arisen. It is that of old people of good character who are no longer able to work, but whose poor circumstances all through their working life have never admitted of their making any provision for old age, or indeed of more than meeting their immediate and pressing wants. That this class is large in England will be understood when I state that the wages of unskilled laborers in town and country all over England average barely four and a half dollars a week, and that the average wages of artisans may be taken at eight dollars a week. It is admitted by statisticians who have made the poor law a special study, that two out of every five people in England who reach the age of sixty-five are compelled in their declining years to seek relief. It is upon deserving people of this class that our poor-law system tells with the greatest hardship, and especially in unions where the guardians give no outdoor relief. In such unions nothing is offered to these poor people but the workhouse. Prior to entering the house they may have had an unblemished record for sobriety and honesty, and also for industry in their humble sphere of work. After entering they are compelled to herd, on precisely equal terms, with men or women who have lived lives of debauchery and dissoluteness, and who, when not in the workhouse, are in jail or in our convict prisons.

In unions where outdoor relief is still administered, old people living with members of their family or friends who can partially support them receive a small weekly allowance from the guardians. This, perhaps, is no more than sixty cents a week, and seldom exceeds a dollar or a dollar and a quarter. The upholders of the present system argue that the poor law is intended to be deterrent and to impel people to make provision themselves for old age, but the advocates of an amendment of this department of the poor law, and also those who, like Mr. Chamberlain, are in favor of a system of state pensions for old age, prove conclusively that it is not deterrent, and insist that the workhouse system is an altogether unsatisfactory fulfillment

of the obligations of society to those who have fallen out of the ranks through incapacity or advancing age.

There are two other departments of our poor-law system which also call for some notice. One is the administration of medical relief, and the other the mode of dealing with tramps. Each can be described in a few lines. For outdoor medical relief, each union is divided into districts with medical officers for each. People who are in need of medical aid procure in the first place an order from the local relieving officer which they present to the doctor, who is compelled to act upon it at once. No discretion is allowed him. He can, however, in case of deception, make a report to the Board of Guardians, who, if the circumstances warrant, can recover from the people relieved. Medical relief legally pauperizes a man, and is sufficient to cause his name to be struck off the roll of electors for the following year.

With regard to tramps our poor-law system is very simple, and is practically uniform all over the country. In connection with each workhouse, but quite apart from the buildings occupied by the permanent paupers, there is what is called the casual ward—old-time tramps call it the "Bastile." To this department tramps are sent who are remaining only one night or so in the workhouse. They are admitted on orders granted by the relieving officer. They are given a bath, a frugal supper, a bed for the night and a frugal breakfast, and in return are compelled to remain in the casual ward till ten or eleven o'clock in the morning, and either to pick a certain amount of oakum or break a quantity of stones for road-mending. Before entering the union the professional tramp is always careful to hide away whatever money and tobacco he may possess. If he were known to have eight cents in his possession he would be denied admission. In the morning the tramp can be detained until he has finished his stint of work, and if he appears twice within a month at the same workhouse he may be detained until nine o'clock of the third day after his admission. In England the tramp has no opportunity of stealing rides on the railways. He knows nothing of the luxury of the box-car, but he has other advantages unknown to the American tramp. He need not travel twenty miles without finding a bath, a supper, a bed, and a breakfast awaiting him. In some unions his clothes, such as they are, are disinfected when they require it, and are carefully dried when the tramp has been exposed to the weather. All that an English tramp requires is the energy and the will to trudge twelve or fifteen miles a day, and the grit to beg his mid-day meal and his tobacco. The poor law does the rest, and makes things comparatively easy for him wherever he goes.

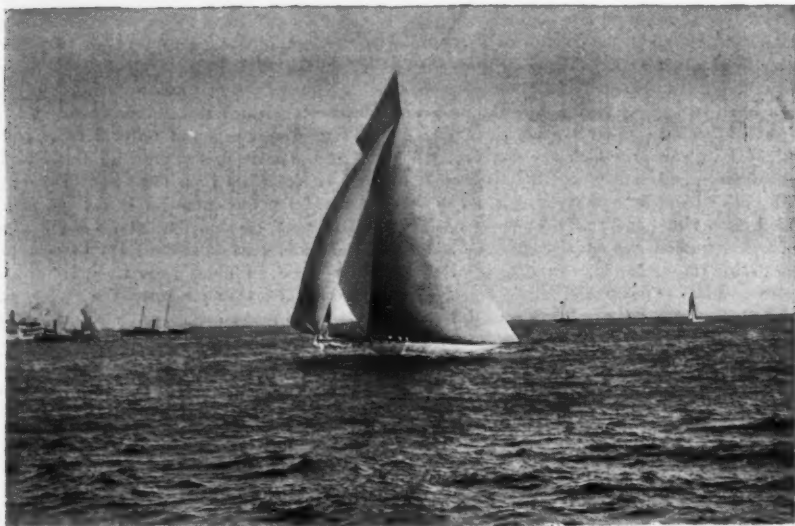
EDUARD PORRITT.

Another Royal Visitor.

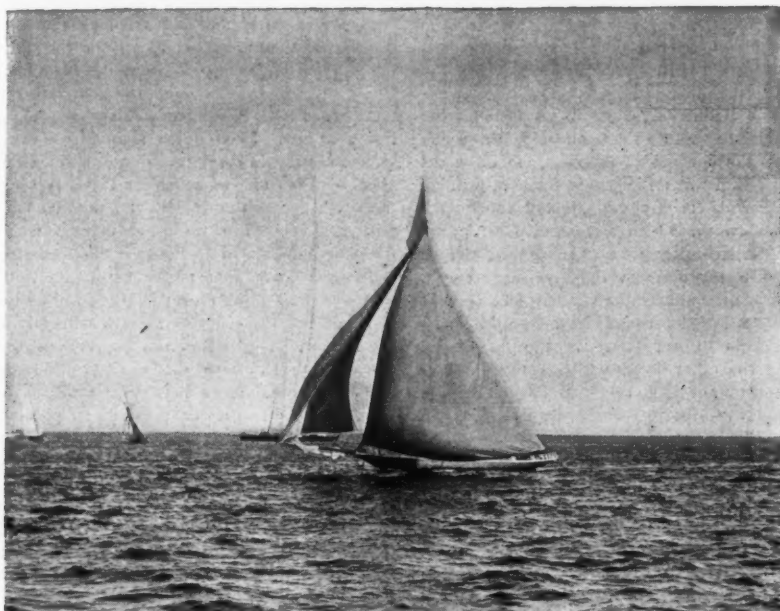


HIS IMPERIAL HIGHNESS, FRANZ FERDINAND, ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA.

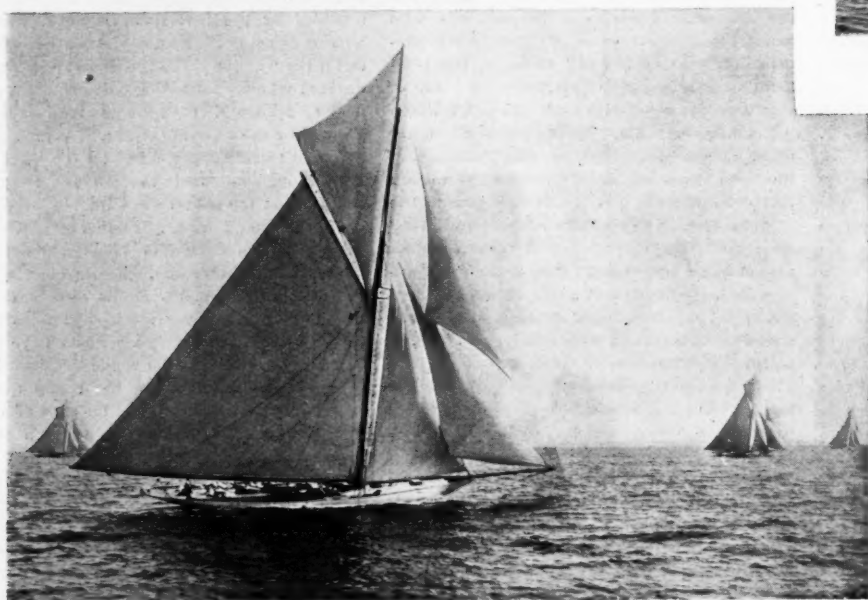
THE Archduke of Austria, whose portrait is given herewith, and who is now in this country, is in the line of succession to the Austrian throne. He is the elder son of the Emperor's surviving brother, who is the natural successor, but it is understood that the latter will waive his rights in favor of Franz Ferdinand. The age of the Grand Duke is twenty-nine years. It is said in some quarters that he is making his tour of the world by the direction of the Emperor, who hopes in this way to cure him of the follies of his youth.



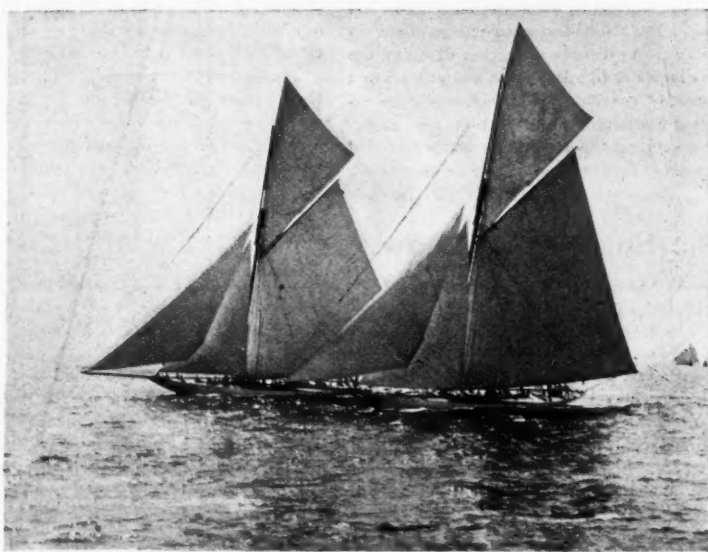
"VIGILANT" AT FINISH IN THE RACE OF SEPTEMBER 9TH.



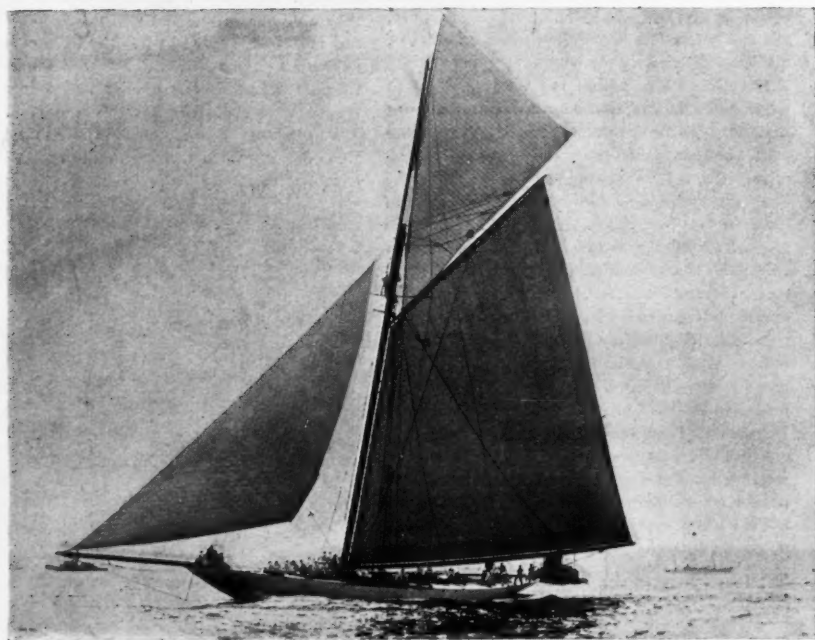
"JUBILEE'S" FINISH ON SEPTEMBER 9TH.



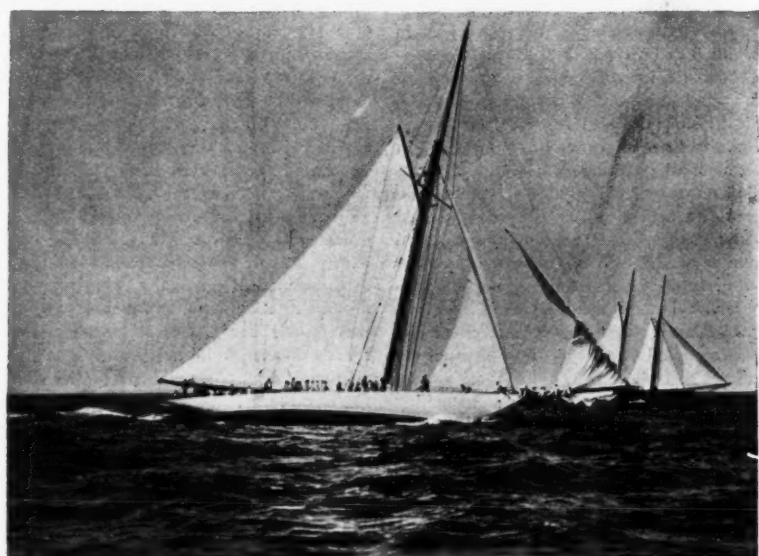
THE FOUR CUP-DEFENDERS.



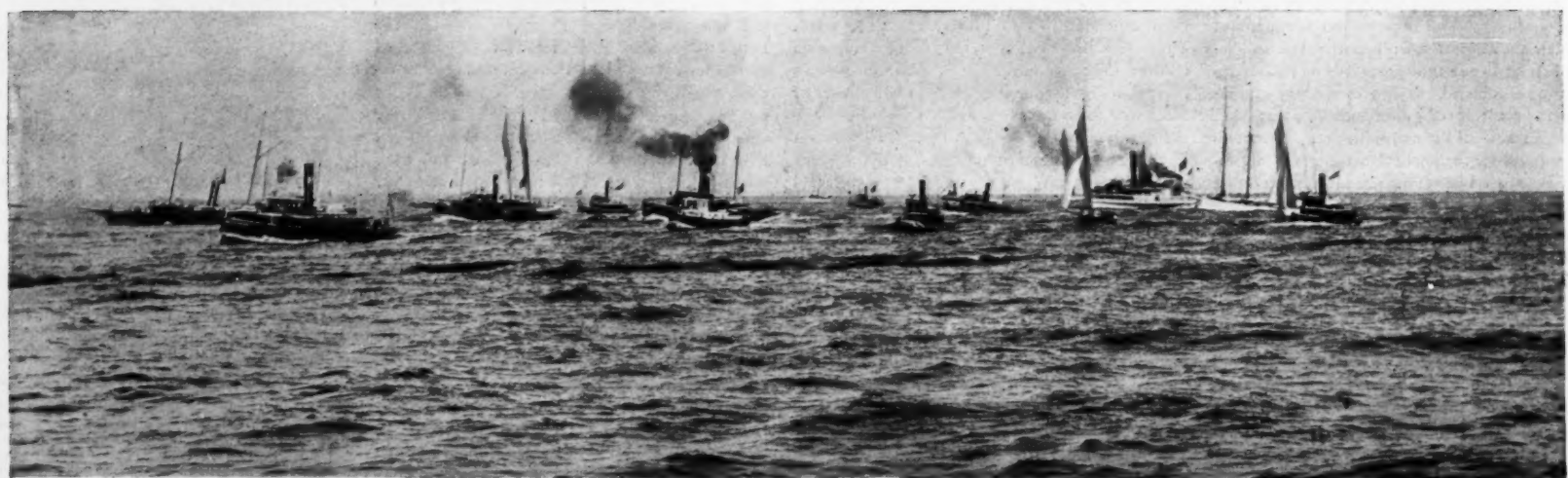
THE "VIGILANT" AND "COLONIA" MANEUVRING FOR PLACE.



THE "COLONIA," WINNER OF THE RACE OF SEPTEMBER 7TH.

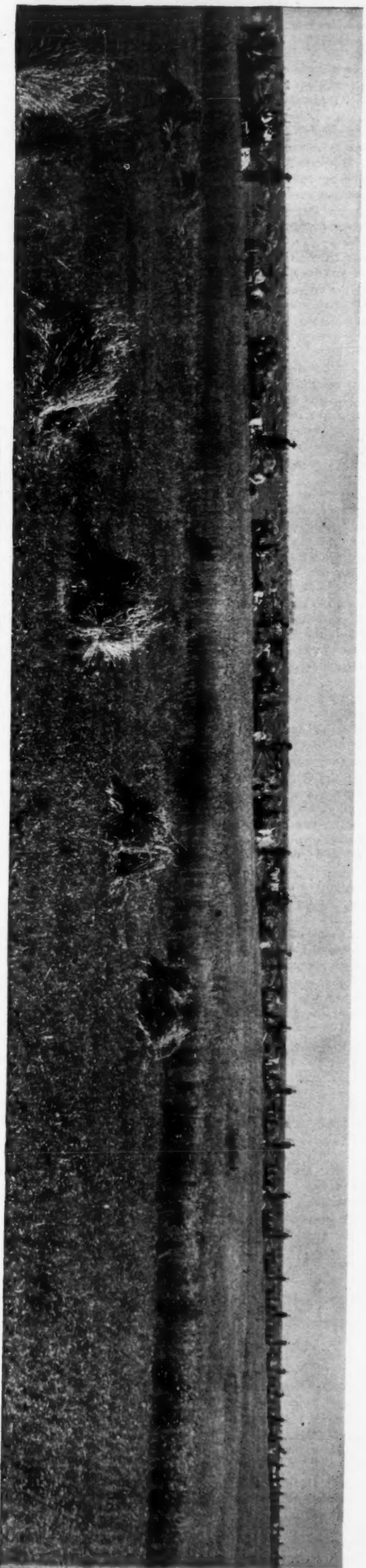


THE "VIGILANT" ON A STARBOARD TACK, SEPTEMBER 9TH.

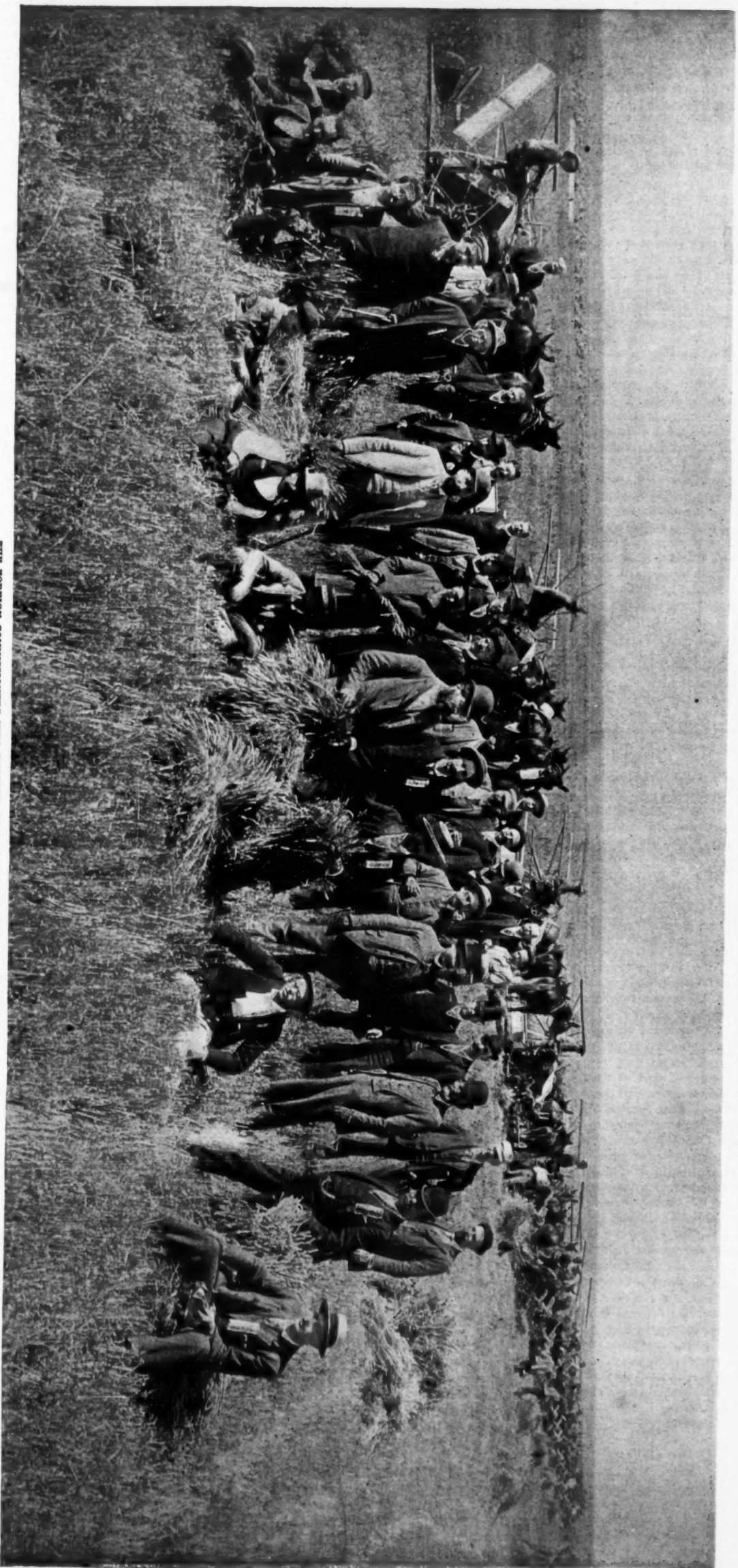


RETURNING FROM THE RACE OF SEPTEMBER 11TH.

THE TRIAL RACES OF THE FOUR CUP-DEFENDERS, RESULTING IN THE SELECTION OF THE "VIGILANT."
FROM COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOLLES, BROOKLYN.—[SEE PAGE 191.]



A LINE OF BINDERS, ONE-THIRD OF A MILE IN LENGTH, AT WORK ON N. O. LAMMERE'S ELK VALLEY FARM, NORTH DAKOTA.



THE FOREIGN COMMISSIONERS WHO PARTICIPATED IN THE MEMORABLE EXCURSION.

THE RECENT EXCURSION OF WORLD'S FAIR COMMISSIONERS, REPRESENTING TWENTY-FOUR NATIONALITIES, TO THE WHEAT-FIELDS OF THE NORTHWEST.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY BLACKBURN.—[SEE PAGE 190.]

AMERICAN WOMEN ABROAD.

WHEN one stops to consider that the best English society—and "best" when applied to society is the superlative of rank and power, not of morals—is the most splendid, most exclusive, most icily unresponsive, and most self-sufficient in the world, it should be a matter of national pride that American women have made their way in it so successfully.

The plain American citizen with genuine republican spirit is inclined to lose patience with his countrymen when they show themselves eager to go to England and hobnob with royalty, or the friends of royalty, or the friends of the friends of royalty—according to the "pull" they have. He is inclined to sneer at them as un-American tuft-hunters, and laugh derisively at the efforts they make and the money they spend to wedge their way into that social holy of holies where they can catch recognition from the eye of a prince and rub elbows with a lord. But he is the very one who would soonest feel his national pride wounded if our ambitious American women couldn't "hold their own" among the swells on the tight little isle; and he is the one who, when his women-folk go abroad, values the letters they carry to Americans who are securely established in London society even as Solomon valued a virtuous woman.

There are many lovely American women securely established in English society. Most of them, however, while their popularity is due to their charms, owe their social position to their husbands. They married Englishmen. Such are Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, who was Miss Endicott; Mrs. Naylor Leyland, who was a belle in England as Miss Jennie Chamberlain; Lady Randolph Churchill, who was Miss Jerome; the Duchess of Manchester, who was Miss Yznaga; Mrs. Arthur Paget, who was Miss Stevens; Lady Hesketh, who was Miss Sharon; and Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, who was pretty Bessie Paschall of Texas and Washington, and whose "Englishman" (like the old woman's duck that was a drake) is an Irishman. But those who make the bird of freedom flap his wings softly with repressed exultation are the ones who attain their position by conquest.

Probably the surest, highest, and most powerful position an American woman has attained by her own efforts in English society in many a day is that which Mrs. John W. Mackay holds. Some worldling has said that the crucial test of social position is getting people who are "somebody" to accept your dinner invitations. Mrs. Mackay stood that test royally. A couple of years ago she gave a dinner in her splendid London home, the invitations to which were accepted by the Prince and Princess of Wales, as well as a goodly company, every one of which was distinctly and undeniably a "somebody."

The woman who can dine the future King and Queen of England, it is safe to say, commands the situation.

Mrs. Mackay has lived abroad for nearly twenty years, and her social importance in Paris is the same as in London. She has had unbounded wealth at her command—enough to give her the power Monte Cristo, exulted in; but it takes more than money to succeed in society as she has done. She is a woman of exquisite tact, keen penetration, courage, and pride, and possesses the organizing powers of an adroit general, as was fully proven by the way she met the slanders circulated about her several years ago. When her enemies were busiest trying to undermine her power she fortified her position in a way to make it impregnable by giving the dinner already mentioned, thus getting the *cachet* of the Prince and Princess of Wales—an open sesame in Paris as well as London.

She has a truly splendid home in the fashionable West End of London, on Carlton House Terrace. It is richly and artistically furnished, and its chief feature is the famous staircase of white statuary marble which was brought entire from Italy. The house was a present to Mrs. Mackay from her husband, and cost £150,000. It is admirably adapted for entertaining, and Mrs. Mackay's entertainments are established fixtures of the London season. She spends money freely, and the best the earth affords of talent to amuse, or for decoration and refreshment, is only good enough for those she bids to her house. She has had the leading players from the Comédie Française cross the channel merely to amuse her guests after a dinner. Herself a lover of music, she has at her musicales the best singers heard in opera and the best

players from the concert-room. Her hospitality is freely extended to her compatriots, and when she entertains one is pretty sure to meet at her house the desirable Americans in London. She is most generously helpful to her own countrywomen abroad, and many a girl with energy and ambition and a talent for something has she helped over trying places, while more than one successful singer found her first opportunity before a company in her house.

Notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Mackay's business interests and his preference for the society of his own alert, energetic countrymen keep him in this country most of the time, it is not likely that Mrs. Mackay will ever take up her residence here. She has lived so long abroad that all her social and friendly ties are on the other side. Her daughter, the Princess Colonna, lives in Paris. She sees as much of her eldest son, Willie, as she would if she lived here, for he divides his time between New York, Paris, and London; and her other son, Clarence, is at home with her, completing his education. Nevertheless she is an uncompromising American at heart. That she crossed the ocean before Clarence was born, so that he could say he was a true-born American citizen, attests that.

Mrs. Mackay is a grandmother. One doubts it when looking at her; but her daughter, whose two little ones thrust the distinction upon her, was born before Mrs. Mackay had reached her sixteenth year. Mrs. Mackay is a New-Yorker. Her father, Colonel Hungerford, is one of the veterans of the Mexican war, and he served under Grant and McClellan in the Civil War. She was married at fifteen, became a widow at eighteen, and was married to Mr. Mackay at twenty. Personally she is attractive, with a dainty, well-poised head and a way of carrying it that adds several inches to her short stature. She has blue-black hair, deep blue eyes with black brows and lashes, and a creamy skin. She dresses with taste and rare fitness—richly and elaborately for evening and in the house, with quiet elegance for the street.

Mrs. Nellie Grant-Sartoris—she will always be remembered with a sentimental sense of proprietorship throughout the length and breadth of this land as "Nellie Grant"—although she married an Englishman, owes her position neither to the husband she had (he could have given her only a middle-class position at best) nor to her own efforts. It was conceded to her as the daughter of her father. She retains that position neither by splendid nor frequent entertainments nor much going about.

She has a charming little house of her own in London, No. 66 Cadogan Place, in the fashionable West End. It is a bright-looking, three-story and basement brick with a vine-covered veranda in front. When one calls, the most solemn and respectful of model men-servants conducts one up the pretty oak staircase to the drawing-rooms on the second floor. They are bright, cheery, sunny rooms with white and gold wood-work, and soft tints of terra-cotta and dull blue in the furnishings, with fine paintings on the walls, an open piano in the back room, and a comfort-giving open fire in the front room. It is a dainty home, with an air of refinement, and suggestive of artistic taste. Here she lives quietly with her children—her son, Algernon Edward (a well-grown, manly lad of sixteen, taller than his mother, who thinks the two great men of the world were his grandfather and Napoleon), and her two little girls, Vivian May and Rosemary. She entertains a little and goes out a little. She doesn't mix much with the "smart set," because her tastes and theirs are not congenial, but she gathers around her dinner-table and in her drawing-rooms people, English and American, who are known as "the best people" in London. Her taste turns to art; she rarely misses a "private view"; her acquaintance with artistic and literary people is wide, and one of her oldest and best friends is the famous president of the Royal Academy, Sir Frederick Leighton.

Nellie Grant is a vastly more attractive woman now than she was when, eighteen years ago, she went to England as a hopeful bride. She was only nineteen then and unformed, notwithstanding the educational and social advantages she had. She was a pretty, blooming, raw girl with a sweet disposition then—not very different from hundreds of other pretty American girls. Notwithstanding she has a boy taller than herself she doesn't look over thirty now. She is below medium height, with a pretty figure, neither stout nor slender, and in a roomful of generously-proportioned English

women looks petite. When she goes out in the evening she usually wears white with graceful lace draperies. Her face is of girlish smoothness and fullness, with a tinge of color in the cheeks that deepens to a ripe red in the lips. Her eyes are very dark in the shadow of long lashes, and her hair is almost black. She has an indolent repose of manner that with her low, sweet voice is wonderfully restful, but above all her attractions is her sweetness of manner—a sort of sympathetic gentleness that makes her a most winsome woman.

Her boy is away at school, and her little girls are being educated at home. Vivian May, the elder, a girl of fourteen, looks as Elaine may have looked. She has a beautiful face with regular features, rose-leaf tinting, and big, clear, blue eyes, all framed in wavy fair hair. She has the desire and talent to act, and such a thing may yet come to pass that we shall go to see General Grant's granddaughter play "Juliet" or "Rosalind" or "Desdemona."

Rosemary is a brown, piquant, witty little girl of twelve, with a look of practical good sense in her critical eyes and around her firm little mouth.

It is not likely that Nellie Grant will ever live in America, even though the death of Sartoris has left her free. She is fond of her English life and English friends, and has been too long absent to be in touch with those she had here.

Mrs. John Cleveland Osgood, the pretty girl who went from the eastern shore of Virginia to be the chateleine of Knebworth, has come to be tolerably well known to novel readers recently as Irene Osgood. Her story, "The Shadow of Desire," was published in the spring. Mrs. Osgood was Miss Belote of Virginia, and, like so many Virginians, is of English descent. Her father's people were Huguenots. Her English blood is responsible for her ardent love of sport, which in its turn is responsible for her residence in England. She is a daring and accomplished horsewoman, a good shot, and, incidentally, skates well, dances well, and talks well.

She is the wife of John Cleveland Osgood, who comes of good New England stock, and whose interests now—he is Henry Wolcott's partner—lie in the West. His business keeps him in this country most of the time, but he makes a quick trip across the Atlantic several times a year to see his wife, and she comes over every summer and goes to Colorado with him, where they usually camp out for a while.

Her home in England is Knebworth House, the estate of the Lyttons, where Bulwer wrote "Zanoni," and where Owen Meredith cared so little to live. Among her neighbors are Lord and Lady Salisbury, with whom she is a prime favorite. When Lord Lytton died, a couple of years ago, Mrs. Osgood did a graceful, characteristic thing that the English magnanimously called "so American"—this was the turning over of her establishment at once to Lady Lytton. She had a large, gay house-party at the time, but as soon as the news of Lord Lytton's death came she sent word to Lady Lytton, offering her Knebworth, dispersed her guests, and went to Charlton Lodge, in the Bicester country, for the hunting. She left for Lady Lytton her perfectly-organized household, with servants and everything, so that there was no care of any sort for the mourning wife to meet. The impulsive, delicate act did more to win for Mrs. Osgood the favor of the county families than a long succession of lavish entertainments could possibly have done. At Knebworth there is plenty of gayety when she is there. The hounds meet there, there are hunt-breakfasts and hunt-balls, and always to keep her company a gay house-party. She keeps a fine hunting stud, and when sport waxes tame in England goes to Pau with her hunting retinue. Besides "The Shadow of Desire," her first serious effort at authorship, she has written some spirited verse.

She has all the winning charm of a genuine daughter of the South. Having lived abroad ever since she was a slip of a girl just entering her teens—she is only about twenty-five or twenty-six now—she unites the brightness, frankness, and independence of the American girl with the repose and chic of Old-world training. She is a little woman—petite is the word that fits her like a glove—with a prettily-poised, thoroughbred-looking head. Her hair is a sunny brown; her blue-gray eyes, set wide apart, tell tales of every change of mood; her nose is a saucy, tip-tilted one; her lips are thin, curving lines of scarlet, the upper one persistently curving away from its mate and showing the sharp, white teeth. It is a face riant, fascinating, and sympathetic. Probably if you have been to the World's Fair it has looked down on you from a canvas which had the name of Jan van Beers in the corner.

Mrs. Ronalds, whose house on Cadogan

Square, not very far from Nellie Grant's, is one of the desirable ones to be invited to, has been away from America so long that even her former intimates forget that she isn't an Englishwoman. She is an exceptionally handsome woman of the brunette type, and can make conquest of man or woman with a single one of her winning smiles. She is a leading light in swell musical circles, and can muster as much talent in her drawing-room on one of her evenings "at home" as Abbey can in opera-house. It is at her musicales that Sir Arthur Sullivan can be heard and seen.

Mrs. William Wayne Belvin is well known in society in San Francisco, New York, and London. Mr. Belvin's business interests make it necessary for him to spend a good part of every year in London, and Mrs. Belvin always accompanies him. She is a lovely woman and the daughter of a famous Southern belle and beauty; so, as is said about our bad traits, she came by her loveliness honestly. Her mother was Eliza Morgan of Kentucky, the daughter of General Daniel Morgan. She married Captain John McMullin of Texas, and went to California with him, where they reared a family of handsome daughters. One of these is Mrs. Belvin. Another, Lilo, was a belle in Washington before her marriage to Dr. Perrin of Kentucky.

Mrs. Belvin was presented at court last year, and was noticeably one of the prettiest women who attended that drawing-room. She wore her wedding-gown, a princess dress of lace, the lace—bodice, skirt, and all—being in one piece. The Belvins have no house in London, because they are such birds of passage, but notwithstanding the lack of such a stronghold Mrs. Belvin keeps in touch with her English friends and increases her popularity with each visit. She is slight, of medium height and graceful figure, and is a pure blonde. Her hair is of that rich golden tint and her skin of that fine texture and fairness peculiar to the women of the Pacific coast.

Mrs. George B. Williams was a bright social light in Washington until her husband was sent abroad to act as foreign counsel of the New York Life Insurance Company. She was one of Mrs. Harrison's intimate friends, and was one of the most frequent and least ceremonious visitors at the White House while the President's wife was living. Mrs. Williams has the aplomb, tact, and versatility of the trained society woman. When she gave up her Washington home, that had become a social centre, to go abroad, she thought it was only "to be with her husband," and that social life would not be theirs until they returned. But whoever takes a prominent part in the cosmopolitan society at the capital is pretty sure to meet friends in any city in the world. So Mrs. Williams did, and before they were fully aware of it they found themselves fully launched in London society. Mrs. Williams was presented at court at one of the drawing-rooms held this year. She is a fine-looking woman of dignified presence and friendly, unaffected manners; one of the Americans who "do their country proud" wherever they go. General Williams is a man of distinction, and it was he who was appointed by the Mikado to arrange the finances of Japan, and in recognition of his services had a decoration conferred on him by the Mikado.

ELIZABETH A. TOMPKINS.

A Memorable Excursion.

FOREIGN COMMISSIONERS VISIT THE WHEAT-FIELDS OF THE NORTHWEST.

THE return of the World's Fair foreign commissioners to Chicago, Thursday evening, August 31st, from the wheat-fields of the Northwest, concluded a memorable excursion. Starting from Chicago a week previous, they went through Wisconsin and Minnesota to North Dakota to witness the most splendid spectacle of agriculture in the world—scientific wheat-farming by the methods that American genius has devised. This trip was more than a straight run there and back. It was a triumphal march through State after State, usually seen only when the President makes a tour of the continent. The varied population of these States turned out to do the visitors homage. Governors met them at State lines, mayors extended them the freedom of cities, high railway officials attached their private cars and traveled with them, explaining all phases of the New World that unrolled before the foreigners' eyes; gathered crowds cheered at stations as the train flew past, or when a few minutes' stop was made and the representatives alighted to greet their fellow-countrymen, speaking their pleasure in their native tongue. A classification of guests was made, showing that the party of fifty foreigners represented twenty-seven nationalities, speaking fifteen languages. Representatives of Great

Britain, the royal commissioners of France, Spain, Russia, Hungary, Turkey, Japan, Australia, South American and South African States, and newspaper correspondents from many countries.

Tuesday, August 29th, brought the culminating scenes of the trip—wheat harvesting on N. G. Larimore's Elk Valley farm, thirty miles west of Grand Forks. From the surrounding country for fifteen miles people gathered, among them Governor Shortridge of North Dakota, who lives on a farm in the same county. Carriages were brought to escort the visitors out to a great bonanza farm-scene. The work was in progress. A line of forty-five binders, extending for one-third of a mile diagonally across the field, was moving forward like the advance of an artillery brigade. Each harvesting machine was cutting a swath of six feet. Across a breadth of two hundred and fifty feet the wheat heads were falling like snow. An acre was leveled in a minute. The cavalcade of harvesters passed on amid the neighing of mules, the cracking of whips, the calls of the drivers, and the loud shouts of the foremen driving swiftly back and forth with fast steeds. Close behind came the stackers, piling the scattered sheaves into shocks.

The work was done, and the visitors, amazed, pressed forward on the stubble. It was a sight for all the world to see, and the world was there. Correspondents from England, Germany, France, Australia, and Africa were busily noting and recording. Artists from London, French, and German papers were sketching. Photographers were taking pictures to be reproduced in Chicago and New York journals. The commissioners from all quarters of the globe showed an eager interest in this most characteristic scene of American industry, which contrasted with their own lands.

As the assembly in the field broke up, the carriages drove in straight section line for five miles across the fields of the Larimore farm. A greater farm was yet to be seen. The train ran swiftly south, and in two hours, by sundown, was a hundred miles away. Here was a farm extending for fourteen miles to the horizon on the east, marked by the thin fringe of trees on the Red River. The combined Grandin and Dairyville farms, contain 79,000 acres (123 square miles), with 36,000 acres (47 square miles) in wheat this year. Here was seen the most perfect agricultural device in the world—a self-feeding thrasher. On either side of the machine, at the rear, two lusty men pitched wheat sheaves into the feeder that with hungry maw seemed craving for more; at the other end poured forth the clear wheat in a golden stream at the rate of three thousand bushels per day. With such processes as these oceans of wheat are swept away, threshed, and stored in elevators in two or three weeks in the harvest season.

Throughout their eight days' trip it was noticeable how thoroughly the foreign commissioners entered into the spirit of all the receptions and greetings. Their delight at the cordial hospitality shown them was frankly expressed. The reports they will send to their governments, and in newspapers and private correspondence, will be most favorable. Their excursion through the Northwest was the most distinctive and memorable ever taken through this great agricultural region.

HERBERT HEYWOOD.

A Fast Steam Yacht.

THE *Feiseen*, of which we give an illustration, is probably the fastest steam yacht in the world. She is owned by Mr. Coggeswell, a manufacturer of Syracuse, New York, and re-



THE "FEISEEN," THE FASTEST STEAM YACHT IN THE WORLD.

cently made a run of thirty-one and a fraction miles an hour. During the recent trial races she was badly damaged, while racing on her own account with the *Vamoose*, by an explosion of her boiler-tube and by a collision with the steamer *Guyardotte*, but she is now being

repaired, and will shortly, no doubt, achieve fresh triumphs.

Lake Daugherty.

Oh, Daugherty! on sultry morns like this,
When all the earth lies gasping in a swoon,
And hot winds wander down the dusty streets
Sighing for night dews and the placid moon,
While drought sucks up the sap of shrub and tree,
Sweet, shady lake, my soul goes out to thee!

Deep in thy leafy home I hear the swell
Of thy clear waters 'gainst the mossy shore;
The crunch of glad feet on the moistened sands;
The hum of voices where the old boats moor;
The sleepy drum of locust overhead,
And rustling lizard from his dry-leaf bed.

How sweet to lie, half dreaming, half awake,
And hear the forest's voices—feel the power
Of south winds toying with the hammock ropes;
To catch the fragrance of some wheel-crushed
flower;

To close the drowsy lids which sunbeams tease
With glint of shine and shadow through the trees.

To list the call of wood-bird, clear as flute,
The whirr of light wings 'gainst the lambent air,
The flutter of long grass—the transient gleam
Of skies like china bowls, flecked here and there
With clouds, like cream spilled o'er the foaming
brim
And weaving lace-work toward the lower rim.

I yearn to touch thy waters once again,
To steep my brain in restfulness and calm,
To put aside this self so circumscribed,
And yield mine eyes to slumber's holy balm.
When life grows all too heavy here for me,
Sweet Daugherty, my soul goes out to thee!

BELLE HUNT.

The Trial Races.

THE recent trial races for the selection of a defender for the America's Cup were watched with anxious interest not only in this country, but in Great Britain. This interest was deepened by the fact that the trials were likely to determine the relative merits of rival types of yacht construction, namely, the Boston fin-keel type and the centre-board type favored in New York. The result of the races was in accordance with the general expectation. The *Vigilant*, built by the Morgan-Iselin syndicate, proved herself the better boat in every particular, and has been officially chosen to defend the cup. The first race was won by the *Colonia* by six seconds, but was decided, upon re-measurement, to be a dead heat. The second was won by the *Vigilant*. In the third and last trial, which occurred on the 11th inst., the *Vigilant* beat the *Colonia* by 6 minutes and 43 seconds; the *Jubilee* by 8 minutes and 19 seconds, and the *Pilgrim* (the extreme of the fin-keels) by 23 minutes and 33 seconds.

The victory over the *Pilgrim* was the more notable because it had been believed that with a heavy wind she would prove herself more than a match for any of her antagonists. The race was made in a thirty-mile breeze, and she was hopelessly beaten.

The *Jubilee* was the victim of a series of accidents, but in spite of them displayed wonderful sailing powers, and there are many who believe that she is still the equal of the *Vigilant*. General Paine, her builder, is entitled to great credit for his enterprise and courage in initiating what promises to be a revolution in yacht construction. In all the races he was the one unique personality which stood out vividly and conspicuously. It is to be remembered of him that he has defrayed, at his own expense, every charge of sustaining four championships; and he is not by any means discouraged by the adverse fortune which has overtaken him. He has accepted the decision of the cup committee with a graceful equanimity, corresponding with the generous enterprise always displayed by him in yachting sports.

Our Foreign Pictures.

THE FRENCH-ITALIAN TROUBLES.

THE small and ordinarily inconspicuous village of Aigues-Mortes has recently become a centre of observation because of the desperate encounters between French and Italian workmen which have occurred there. Around Aigues-Mortes are a number of salt mines which are worked each year in the month of July, employing a force of nearly three thousand workmen. Formerly the men employed were all French, but of recent years Italians have overrun the district and have found work in the mines. The animosity which existed between workmen of the two nations has grown from day to day, until lately, when two Italians having washed their soiled linen in the pool from which all were obliged to draw drinking water, a lively quarrel occurred between the opposing factions. This was the beginning of the melancholy occurrences of which the little village has since been the scene. The Italians attacked the French workmen at noon when they were sleeping. A number were killed, and the police barely succeeded in preventing a massacre. Next day the French retaliated by endeavoring to drive the Italians from the mines at the point of whatever arms they could obtain. The police interfered, endeavoring to protect the Italians. While making their way toward the village, a number of Italians in their midst and a large force of French rioters at their heels, they encountered at the Porte de la Reine a large detachment of French workmen, uttering savage cries and bent on murder. A terrible collision occurred; the Italians were attacked with clubs and pitchforks, and shrieks and groans filled the air. The police fired in the air, a general panic ensued, and the mob partially dispersed, but it was not until troops arrived that tranquillity was restored.

BREAKFAST IN MID-AIR.

Steam navigation is to-day so well understood that the most serious danger to be dreaded at sea is the possibility of running ashore on some unsuspected and concealed bit of land. To lessen this possibility on spots where light-houses are impossible, light-ships and luminous buoys are anchored. At Dunquerque, France, the new light-ship *Ruytingen* marks the presence of a dangerous sand-bar. This ship is built on a principle which is new as applied to light-ships. It is of steel and is full rigged on a simple plan. It carries at its mast-head a powerful light, and has among other innovations a mechanical apparatus for storing and dispensing compressed air, by which fog can be dissipated and the light made clear and visible under otherwise impossible circumstances. Life on these ships is comfortable and peaceful, and the posts are given to old sailors with honorable records. Occasionally a storm breaks the anchor chain and the ship is away on the waves. Then sails are hoisted and the ship is kept away from shore until the wind dies and the waters are again safe and smooth. But in fair weather there is little care, and the greatest difficulty is to obtain variety in the peaceful monotony of inaction. Our illustration represents a party of officers breakfasting in mid-air, in the cage of the light.

AN ITALIAN HORSE-RACE.

We gave, recently, a picture illustrating the custom of blessing the horses which participate in the races, or *polio*, at Sienna, Italy. On another page we publish an illustration of a race in the Piazza. "The horses are ridden without saddles or stirrups, and as they file out from under the archway of the Palazzo Pubblico an official gives each jockey his *nerbo*, or whip made of ox-sinew. The riders are permitted, during the race, to strike the rival jockeys and horses with this formidable weapon, and the jockey-hats now worn instead of the helmets are made of metal to guard against the blows. The people are excited to the highest pitch, and the noise is deafening. The race is three times round the Piazza, and immediately after the race the winning jockey is surrounded by the police to protect him until his *contrada* can rally round him, as the beaten factions often seek to avenge their defeat by assaults upon the winner."

DIFFICULTIES IN NAPLES.

The strained situation between the French and Italian miners, which lately resulted in riotous difficulties at Aigues-Mortes, has been productive of strong feeling throughout Italy. At Naples a demonstration overran the principal streets crying "Down with France! Long live Francesco Crispi!" French shops were wrecked, French bread-makers suffering most seriously, street-car stables and gear were burned, and fire was set to the railroad stations. A large amount of actual damage was done and the French Consulate was saved only by a strong detachment of soldiery which had been ordered out for its protection. Collisions occurred

between the mob and the police so grave in nature that the latter were finally obliged to fire upon the insurgents. The mob then rapidly dispersed, but not before several had been killed and a number wounded and about four hundred arrests had been made.

ANOTHER AFRICAN EXPEDITION.

The London *Graphic* publishes some interesting illustrations of Sir Gerald Portal's expedition to Uganda. With something like a thousand persons in his train the British commissioner effected, in three months, a journey which, only a few years before, Mr. H. M. Stanley, with a well-equipped force, had deemed it prudent to avoid. The route of the expedition extended over the Tetu Mountains, across the arid wastes which stretch to Kikumbulu, through the dangerous Masai country and by way of the Mao plateau to Kiviro, and thence to Usogo—a devious journey of over seven hundred miles. Sir Gerald found a great deal of big game along the route, and at one point was presented by King M'wanga with a baby elephant which may possibly find its way to the London Zoo.

BATHING-MACHINES IN ENGLAND.

Bathing at English seaside resorts is usually from "machines" and is attended with many discomforts. Female bathers are often obliged to descend the steps backward, and can never be quite sure that they will not tumble head-long into the water. With a view of minimizing these discomforts a new sort of machine has been introduced at Portsmouth, as shown in our illustration from the London *Daily Graphic*. This is a long vehicle on wheels, which may be pushed out or drawn closer to shore, according to the state of the tide. Bathers are able to dress in comfort, and ladies escape the annoyances to which they are exposed in the use of the ordinary "machines."

FACE STUDIES

BY STILETTO

Any applicant sending us 50 cents will be entitled to a short reading of character from a specimen of handwriting, to be sent by mail, and the monthly edition of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for six months, or the regular weekly edition for five weeks. \$1.00 to a minute and circumstantial reading of character, by mail, and the monthly edition of the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for one year, or the weekly edition for three months. \$4.00 to a character reading from any photograph desired, by mail, such readings to be considered as strictly confidential and photograph to be returned, and the full weekly edition of the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for one year.

Hon. William McKinley.

GREAT strength of will and a strong degree of absolutism is expressed in the face of Mr. McKinley. His thin lips are compressed, his chin firm and resolute, his eyebrows show the power of concentration, and in his eyes is the steady glitter of force—a force which at times might be unbending to the verge of relentlessness. His forehead is lofty, and his ideas are rapid and clear. A reflective habit of more than ordinary intensity sits side by side with concen-



HON. WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

tration on his brow. His nose is expressive of tenacity of purpose; drooping in its under part, it speaks the patience and application necessary to carry out a work of magnitude. Such a droop is seen in painters who affect large canvases, and in authors who undertake long tasks. Force with him reflects not only outwardly but inwardly also. He can be very reticent, he can exert great self-control. He is firm in his ideas, is little dependent upon the opinions of others, is strong in his opinions, consistent in his beliefs, and direct and fearless in their expression and support.

1. T. P. CONNEFF, WORLD'S CHAMPION MILE RUNNER.

3. W. D. DAY, LONG-DISTANCE RUNNER.

2. HARRY JEWETT, CHAMPION AMATEUR SPRINTER.



4. GEORGE W. ORTON, CANADIAN CHAMPION.

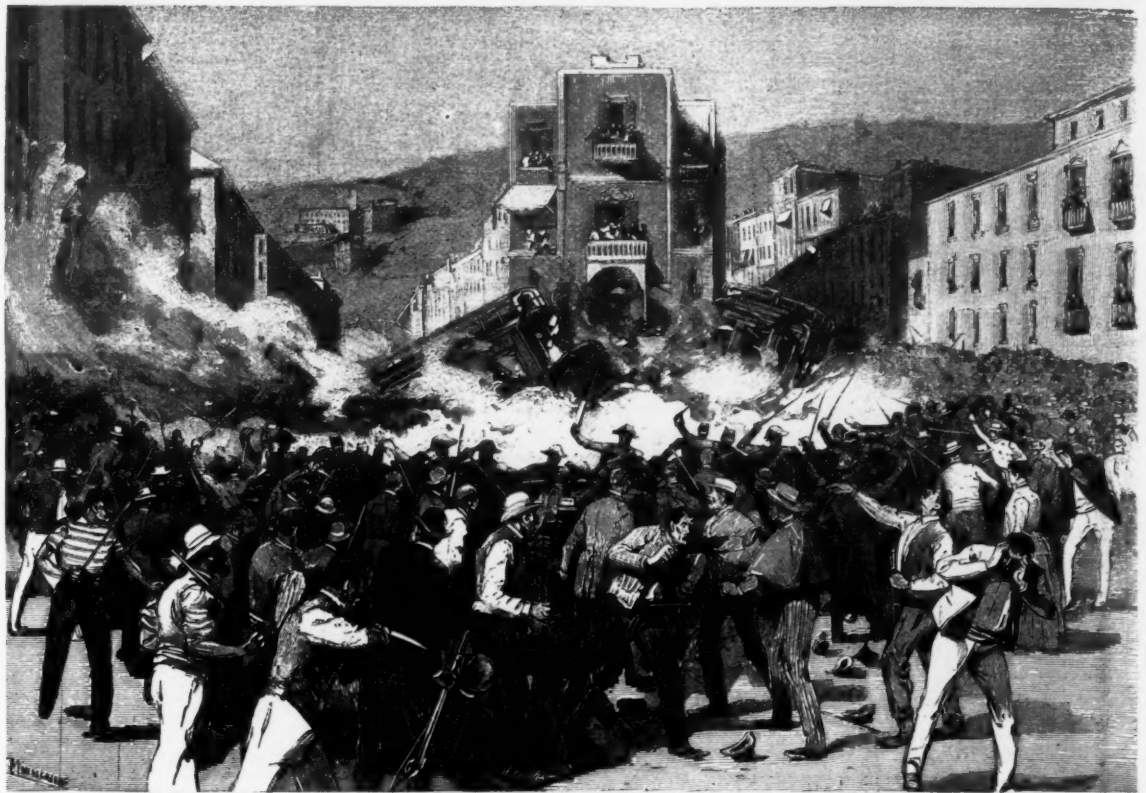
5. S. LEIBGOLD, CHAMPION THREE-MILE WALKER.

6. REPRESENTATIVES OF DIFFERENT CLUBS.

THE MEET OF THE AMATEUR ATHLETIC UNION OF THE UNITED STATES AT CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 13TH-16TH—PROMINENT COMPETITORS FOR CHAMPIONSHIPS.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEMMENT.—[SEE PAGE 104.]



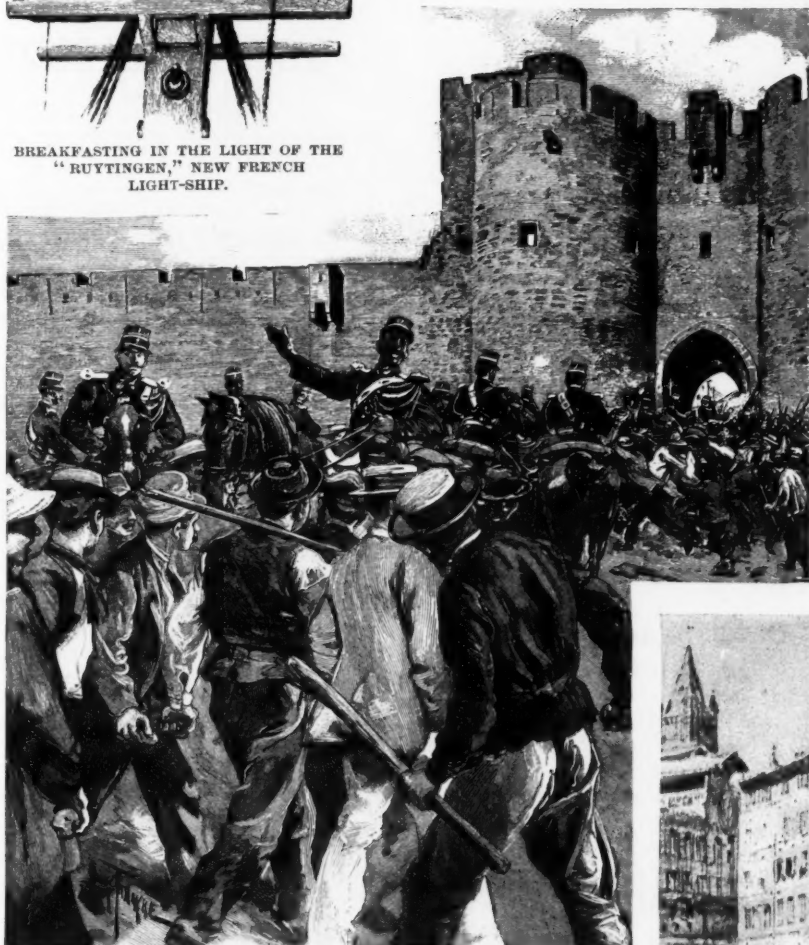
A MONTH-OLD AFRICAN ELEPHANT.



ANARCHIST MANIFESTATIONS IN NAPLES—BURNING THE TRAMWAYS IN THE PLACE DE LA TORRETTA.



BREAKFASTING IN THE LIGHT OF THE "RUTTINGEN," NEW FRENCH LIGHT-SHIP.



THE RECENT COLLISION BETWEEN FRENCH AND ITALIAN WORKMEN AT AIGUES-MORTES, FRANCE.



HOLIDAY TIME ON THE RIVER THAMES—A HOUSE-BOAT.



BATHING-MACHINE AT PORTSMOUTH, ENGLAND.



A NOVEL HORSE-RACE IN THE PIAZZA, SIENNA, ITALY.

World's Fair Athletic Sports.

THE World's Fair Sports of the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States, which occurred at Chicago last week, attracted participants and spectators from all parts of the country. The meet was under the auspices of the Chicago Athletic Association, and the arrangements were of the most perfect character. The sports included running races at from seventy-five yards to five miles, hammer-throwing and pole-vauling, hurdle-racing, high jumping, etc. The first prize in the handicap events of the second day was a gold medal, the second silver, and the third bronze. In the scratch or championship events the prizes consisted of specially designed pieces of silverware. The prizes for the meeting cost in the neighborhood of \$2,500. There was a special cup valued at \$250 for the winners of the lacrosse game between the New York Athletic Club and the Toronto University team. We give on another page portraits of some of the holders of championship records at the date of this meeting.

A NEW COOK-BOOK.

MISS MARIA PARLOA has just written a new cook-book, which has been gotten out in handsome style, with illustrations, illuminated cover, etc., by the Liebig Extract of Meat Company. It gives a large number of receipts of whose practical value Miss Parloa's reputation is a sufficient guarantee. This little book will be sent, free of charge, by mail, to those of our readers who will send an application on a postal card to Messrs. Dauchy & Co., 27 Park Place, New York City. Every housewife will appreciate it, and will find in it many simple receipts for the improved preparation of some of the familiar dishes, as well as more elaborate receipts for various delicious things, supposed, perhaps, to come in the province of the "professional" cook, but which, by Miss Parloa's directions, can now be successfully prepared at home.

UP TO THE TIMES.

"Now," said the editor to the applicant for a place as society reporter, "do you speak of a well-dressed woman or a well-groomed woman?" "Oh, both are passé," replied the applicant. "I say smartly gowned,"—Judge.

NEURALGIC headaches promptly cured by Bromo-Seltzer—trial bottle, 10 cents.

If you suffer from looseness of bowels, Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters will cure you.

A CULTIVATED TASTE

would naturally lead a person possessing it to prefer the best things obtainable and guard against imperfections. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is unequalled in quality, as a trial will prove. Grocers and druggists.

THE Sohmer Piano ranks among the best for excellence of tone, durability and finish.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Great Western The Finest CHAMPAGNE In America.

Now used in many of the best Hotels, Clubs and Homes in Preference to Foreign Vintages.

A home product which Americans are especially proud of.

One that reflects the highest credit on the country which produces it.



Address,
Pleasant Valley
Wine
Company.

RHEIMS, Steuben Co., New York.

BABY'S BLOOD AND SKIN

Cleansed and purified of every humor, eruption, and disease by the celebrated

CUTICURA REMEDIES



These great skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies afford immediate relief in the most torturing of Itching and Burning Eczemas and other Itching, scaly, crusted, and blotchy skin and scalp diseases, permit rest and sleep, and point to a permanent and economical (because most speedy) cure when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Thousands of grateful testimonials attest their wonderful, unfailing, and incomparable efficacy. Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston. "All About the Skin, Scalp, and Hair," mailed free.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.



HOW MY SIDE ACHES!

Aching Sides and Back, Hip, Kidney, and Uterine Pains, and Rheumatism relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing, strengthening plaster.

GRECIAN MAIDENS

IT is well known in history that the FEARLESS BEAUTY of Grecian maidens was owing to their knowledge of certain HARMLESS INGREDIENTS which they used at the bath. In our day, young ladies find the same BEAUTIFYING PRINCIPLES combined in

Constantine's Persian Healing Pine Tar Soap.

The HEALTHFUL PROPERTIES of this EXTRAORDINARY PURIFYING AGENT are UNLIMITED, but are more particularly noticeable in their beautifying effects upon the HAIR, COMPLEXION AND TEETH. These CHARMS OF FEMALE LOVELINESS are enhanced, and THEIR POSSESSION ASSURED, to every young lady who uses this

Great Original Pine Tar Soap.

Let all who desire to make themselves IRRESISTIBLY BEAUTIFUL,

TRY IT!

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER PIANOS

Are at present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists.
Warehouses, 149, 151, 153, 155 East 14th St., N. Y.
SOHMER & CO.,
Chicago, Ill., 234 State St.; San Francisco, Cal., Union Club Building;
St. Louis, Mo., 1922 Olive St.; Kansas City, Mo., 1123 Main St.

CALISAYA LA RILLA.

A Tonic, is as valuable in the home as the medicine chest, and less dangerous.

It has the approval of cautious physicians.



Married LADIES our COMPANION saves you worry and doubt. Relishes safe, indestructible, 60c. no circulars. Supply Co., 65 Broadway, N. Y. City.
The Orcutt Comp'y Leading Lithographers
W. B. ORCUTT, Genl. Mgr.
Corpus Christi, Texas, Chicago.

DRANK THEMSELVES TO DEATH.

"I READ to-day of a dreadful case where three men drank themselves to death," said Bloobumper to his wife.

"Tell me about it."

"Well, three men in France competed to see who could drink the most. One swallowed twelve quarts, the second nine, and the third seven. All three died."

"Well, I should think so. That much beer would kill any one."

"Who said it was beer?"

"Didn't you say it was beer?"

"Indeed I didn't. It was water."—Judge.

NEXT MORNING.

HERR GROUT—"Ach, mein son, dot was very goot peer! Now I go me again to shleep, and whenever I vas dhirsty you vakes me."

Hans—"All right, fadder; but then vill you pe dhirst?"

Herr Grout—"Whenever you vakes me."—Judge.

A Robust Fact!

Banks have gone down, large business houses have failed, and industries have been paralyzed during the recent financial flurry, and one fact has stood out during it all with remarkable distinctness.

The Great Advertisers

of the United States—the concerns that boldly let their lights shine in reliable publications—have met the crisis and passed through it unscathed.

Judicious Advertising,

as a rule, is the best kind of investment. It brings trade from all parts of the world, and is at work early and late in the interest of its purchaser. Hence, when trouble comes and doubts prevail in one part of the country, the great advertisers have their returns increased from other sections, and they are easily able to tide over the period of depression.

When Buying Space

carefully consider the circulation and permanence of the medium, the liability of its being kept long after issue, the quality of paper used, and the clearness with which the advertisements are printed.

We Don't Want

to influence your judgement in suggesting mediums. Far be it from us to do such a thing. All we ask is that you will not waste your good dollars on "trash" papers when you can procure equal circulation in standard, high-class publications for the same money.

'Nuff sed.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for

Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them.

E. GRILLON,
33 Rue des Archives, Paris.
Sold by all Druggists.



BELLE OF NELSON Whisky is distilled for the finest trade, and for the purpose is bottled at the distillery in Nelson County, Ky. Is guaranteed to be a hand-made sour mash of the finest quality. No whisky produced ranks higher. No first-class club, hotel, bar or saloon can afford to be without it. Adapted especially for gentlemen's sideboards and for sickness. Price, \$15 per case, containing 12 bottles. Received by us direct from the distillery. Address

ACKER, MERRALL & CONDIT,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE SMALLEST IS THE BEST.

There are a dozen well-known liver pills, but only one so effective that it can be guaranteed to give satisfaction, or the money be refunded. Dr. Fierce's Pleasant Pellets are smaller, but better than the huge, old-fashioned pill, the medicinal agents are refined and concentrated.

Every one suffers, at some time or stipation, Indigestion, Headaches. You're cured of these troubles, if you take

These Pellets are easy to take, and act in a natural way without shocking the system. They're easy to carry, because they are put up in little glass vials. They're the cheapest, because guaranteed to give satisfaction. Remember, that Dr. Fierce's Pellets are pleasant to take, pleasant in action, perfect in effect. Keep this in mind and you solve the problem of good health and good living.



HOME COMFORT

STYLE
No. 64.



STEEL FAMILY RANGES

Made almost wholly of MALLEABLE IRON and WROUGHT STEEL, will LAST A LIFETIME if properly used.

Sold ONLY BY OUR TRAVELING SALESMEN FROM OUR OWN WAGONS throughout this Country and Canada.

SALES TO JANUARY 1st, 1893, 258,460.

MADE ONLY BY
WROUGHT IRON RANGE CO.
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Branch Factory: TORONTO, ONT.
Founded 1864. Paid up Capital, \$1,000,000.

HOTEL OUTFITTING A SPECIALTY.
See our exhibit No. 44, Section "O," Manufactures Building, World's Columbian Exposition.

"I speak not out of weak surmises, but from proof."

LARD MUST GO

since COTTOLENE has come to take its place. The satisfaction with which the people have hailed the advent of the New Shortening

Cottolene

evidenced by the rapidly increasing enormous sales is PROOF POSITIVE not only of its great value as a new article of diet but is also sufficient proof of the general desire to be rid of indigestible, unwholesome, unappetizing lard, and of all the ills that lard promotes. Try

Cottolene

at once and waste no time in discovering like thousands of others that you have now

NO USE FOR LARD.

Send three cents in stamps to N. K. Fairbank & Co., Chicago, for handsome Cottolene Cook Book, containing six hundred recipes, prepared by nine eminent authorities on cooking.

Made only by
N. K. FAIRBANK & CO.,
Chicago, St. Louis, Montreal, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco, etc.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

The Kind of
medicine
you need is the
old reliable tonic and
blood-purifier,
**AYER'S
SARSAPARILLA**
It
can have
no substitute.
Cures others,
will cure you.

"Exposition Flyer"

Is the name of the new 20-hour train of the

New York Central

between New York and Chicago, every day
in the year.

This is the fastest thousand-mile train
on the globe, and is second only in speed
to the famous

Empire State Express,

whose record for two years has been the
wonder and admiration of the world of
travel.

The New York Central stands at the
head for the speed and comfort of its trains.
A ride over its line is the finest one-day
railroad ride in the world.

For a copy of the "Luxury of Modern
Railway Travel" send two 2-cent stamps to
GEORGE H. DANIELS, General Pas-
senger Agent, Grand Central Station, New
York.

NICKEL PLATE.

The New York, Chicago & St. Louis R.R.

THREE EAST WEST DAILY.

PALACE BUFFET SLEEPERS. SUPERB DINING CARS.

NO CHANGE OF CARS BETWEEN...
NEW YORK, BOSTON AND CHICAGO
TICKETS SOLD TO ALL POINTS
AT LOWEST RATES.

Baggage Checked to Destination. Special Rates for Parties.

Trains arrive at and depart from Nickel Plate
Depot, corner Twelfth and Clark streets, Chicago;
Union Depot of the Erie Ry. at Buffalo. At Cleve-
land, trains stop at Euclid avenue, Madison ave-
nue, Willson avenue, Broadway, Pearl street,
Lorain street and at Detroit street, from either of
which stations passengers may be conveyed by
street car to any part of the city.

For rates and other information see Agents of
the Nickel Plate Road, or address
L. WILLIAMS, B. F. HORNER,
Gen'l Sup't, Gen'l Pass'r Agent,
CLEVELAND, O.

F. J. MOORE, General Agent, Buffalo, N. Y.

MARRIED LADIES Send 10 cents for "Infallible Safeguard"
(no medicine, no deception); just what
you want. Sent in plain sealed wrapper. LADIES' BAZAR, Kansas City, Mo.

A Revolution in Magazine Prices!
THE
COSMOPOLITAN
MAGAZINE,
UNCHANGED IN SIZE.
On all
News-stands,
12½
CENTS.

By Mail, postage prepaid, 12 1-2 cents
per month.
By Mail, postage prepaid, 50 cents for
4 months.
By Mail, postage prepaid, \$1.50 for
1 year.

The radical step which marks this issue of *The
Cosmopolitan*—the cutting in half of a price
already deemed low—is the result of an intention
long since formed to give to the public a magazine
of the highest class at such a price as must bring
it within the reach of all persons of intellectual
tastes, however limited their incomes.
The year 1893 will be the most brilliant in its his-
tory. No other year has seen such an array of
distinguished names as will appear on its title
page during 1893. De Maupassant, Mark Twain,
Georg Ebers, Valdez, Spielhagen, François Cop-
pée, Pierre Loti, are some of the authors whose
work will appear for the first time during 1893.
In its art work the advance will be no less mark-
ed. Jean Paul Laurens, Reinhardt, Rochegrosse,
Vierge, Toussaint, Schwabe, are among the artists
whose work will decorate its pages during 1893.

Send five cents for a sample copy
THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE.
Eleventh Street and Sixth Avenue, New York



Fires!!

the entire system with life-giving warmth and strength
—fires everyone with enthusiastic praise because of its
wonderful purity and appetizing flavor—

Cudahy's Extract of Beef,

Rex Brand.

It's pure, lean beef in a preserved form—will retain its
freshness for years and years. Makes delicious soups, gravies,
entrées and bouillon that even the weakest invalid can relish
and digest. Your grocer sells it—they all do.

Send 6 c. to pay postage on a sample can—mailed free.

The Cudahy Packing Co., - South Omaha, Neb.

Incidents in Sam Houston's Career.

WHILE at school in Tennessee, in his early
years, Sam Houston, who found little that was
congenial in the then wilderness, suddenly dis-
appeared. He joined the Cherokee Indians and
remained with them, apparently contented and
happy, until he was discovered and reluctantly
returned to his home. Whenever contentions
arose between himself and his brothers he re-
joined the Indians. The most mysterious act
of his life occurred while he was Governor of
Tennessee. On entering his office one day it was
found that he had swept from his desk all the
litter of papers that had accumulated, leaving
it clean and unoccupied, excepting that an ink-
stand was placed in the centre, and under it a
slip of paper containing his resignation of the
office of Governor. He resigned that office to
return to the chosen life of his boyhood with the
Cherokees, and from whom he had won the
honors of a chief. He heartily joined in their
councils and was their companion, apparently
as happy and contented as ever, for several
years. Various explanations were given of this
strange conduct. One of these refers to his
unfortunate marriage. He had chosen as a wife
a charming and amiable young woman who
manifested extreme reluctance to living with
him and returned to her father's roof a few
months after her marriage. She made no charge
against her husband and he made no charge
against her. It was said that he was not her
choice; that her heart had been given to an-
other, and that she felt it her duty, under the
circumstances, not to live with one whom she
did not love, and whom she had been led to
marry solely by the entreaties of her parents.
General Houston seemed to live in the hope of
winning the affection of his wife, and sought
political preferment with the expectation that
his success might secure her admiration.

It is said that immediately preceding his
resignation Governor Houston had a long con-
versation with his wife, in which he besought
her to give him her heart as well as her hand.
Listening patiently and silently to his entreaties,
her only reply was to gently push him aside
and turn away. Houston, it is said, proceeded
at once to the capitol, wrote his resignation, and
returned to the hermitage of the Indian encamp-
ment. Colonel Baylor, of Texas, whose father
was an army officer at Fort Gibson, and an old
friend of Houston, says that while the latter
lived with the Cherokees as their chief, he some-
times called at the Baylor mansion, always ap-
pearing with his face painted and wearing his
moccasins and all his Indian toggery. While
chief of the Cherokees he never held any con-
versation with white men without insisting on
having his interpreter present, so that his con-
versation, which was always in the Indian
tongue, could be interpreted. When the Texas
convention met in a log-house at San Felipe to
form a temporary government, in November,
1835, Houston appeared in his Indian apparel,
and President Jackson, whose everlasting friend-
ship he had won in the Creek War, thanked
God that there was one man he was acquainted
with who was not made up by a tailor.

A QUESTION.

BOBBY—"Pa, do breaking waves cost much?"
Pa—"Why, pshaw! Bobby, they don't cost
anything."
Bobby—"Yes, they do, pa. Here's a piece
of poetry that begins, 'The breaking waves
dashed high.'"—Judge.

Judge's Quarterly.

A MAGAZINE OF WIT AND HUMOR.

56 Handsomely Printed Pages.

Profusely Illustrated by the JUDGE Artists.

JUST ISSUED!

COSTS 25 CENTS, AND WORTH A DOLLAR.
BUY IT WHEN OFFERED.

DUTY AND REFRESHMENT.

MAMMA—"Richie, where is the rest of the
change out of that fifty cents I gave you when
you went to the park to-day?"

Richie—"You told me to take a roll and a
glass of milk at noon, didn't you?"

Mamma—"Yes."

Richie—"Well, I took 'em 'cause you told
me, and then I took another right away 'cause
I was hungry."—Judge.

AT A CHURCH SOCIABLE.

"GIRLIE" CHUPP (to her near neighbor)—
"Do see that horrid old maid, Jane Hamm!
How she purses up her lips when the men talk
to her!"

Near neighbor—"That's nothing. She can
tie a sailor's knot with her tongue when the
men don't talk to her."—Judge.

A NAME FOR HIM.

RICKETTS—"Young Spriggs is an inveterate
fisherman."

Uncle Josiah Sassafraz—"Yes; I think he
must be one of those anglermiacs I read
about."—Judge.

Your Fall Advertising.

WHERE WILL YOU PLACE IT?

In mediums perused for a day, or
in publications like JUDGE, JUDGE'S
LIBRARY MAGAZINE, and LESLIE'S
WEEKLY, which are kept for a life-
time?

Advertisers who use Judge,

Advertisers who use Leslie's Weekly,

find them to be a permanent paying in-
vestment, the best evidence of which is
the continuous patronage of the largest
and brainiest advertisers.

Our Expert Advertisement Writers

and artists are at the service of patrons.
Tell us what you desire and we will
promptly send you, free of charge, a
proof of a well-displayed condensed ad-
vertisement, containing elements of at-
tractiveness and drawing capacity.

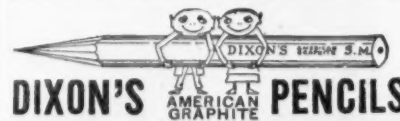
Whenever or However

You advertise, bear in mind that

THESE ARE THE BEST MEDIUMS
IN THE WORLD.



BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS
FOR THE
HAIR AND SKIN.
An elegant dressing. Prevents
baldness, gray hair, and dandruff.
Makes the hair grow thick and soft.
Cures eruptions and diseases of the
skin. Heals cuts, burns, bruises and
sprains. All druggists or by mail 50 cents. 44 Stone St. N. Y.



Are unequalled for smooth, tough points.
Samples worth double the money for 16c.
Jos. Dixon Crucible Co., Jersey City, N. J.
Mention FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

IF MARRIED or about to be, read "Nature" for other sex; 118
pages illustrated, 10c stamps. Lea & Co., Ess. Cy, Mo.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."
**BEECHAM'S
PILLS**
(Tasteless—Effectual.)
FOR ALL
**BILIOUS and NERVOUS
DISORDERS,**
Such as Sick Headache,
Weak Stomach,
Impaired Digestion,
Constipation,
Liver Complaint,
and Female Ailments.
Covered with a Tasteless & Soluble Coating.
Of all druggists. Price 25 cents a box.
New York Depot, 265 Canal St.

Advertise in
Frank Leslie's Weekly.

Burlington Route

BEST LINE

CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS

TO

OMAHA

TWO TRAINS DAILY

ERIE LINES.

THE MOST POPULAR ROUTE

TO THE

World's Fair.

SOLID VESTIBULE TRAINS.

with through Sleepers and Dining Cars, via

CHAUTAUQUA LAKE AND NIAGARA FALLS.

Choice of routes, going and returning.

STOP-OVER PERMITTED.

Excursion tickets on sale at following offices:
401, 261, 291, 849 and 957 Broadway, 166 West street,
Chambers st. and West 23d st. stations, 333 Fulton
st., Brooklyn; 200 Hudson st., Hoboken and Jersey
City Station. Circulars showing routes and rates
can be obtained from Ticket Agents.



World's Fair

SOUVENIR PLAYING CARDS

Views of all Buildings in Colors.

A Regular Playing Card

Price, by Mail, - - - \$0.50

With gilt edges, fancy case, 1.00

Agents Wanted. Address,

THE WINTERS ART LITHO. CO.,

1117 The Rookery, CHICAGO.

LADIES!! Why Drink Poor Teas?



When you can get the Best at
Cargé prices in any quantity.
Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets,
Watches, Clocks, Music Boxes,
Cook Books and all kinds of premi-
ums given to Club Agents.
Good Income made by getting
orders for our celebrated goods.
For full particulars address
THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
31 and 33 Vesey St., N. Y.



FREE A fine 14k gold pla-
ted watch to every
reader of this paper.
Cut this out and send it to us with
your full name and address, and we
will send you one of these elegant,
richly jeweled, gold finished watches
by express for examination, and if
you think it is equal in appearance to
any \$25.00 gold watch pay our sample
price, \$3.50, and it is yours. We send
with the watch our guarantee that
you can return it at any time within
one year if not satisfactory, and if
you sell or cause the sale of six we
will give you One Free. Write at
once, as we shall send out samples
for 60 days only. Address
**THE NATIONAL W.F.O.
& IMPORTING CO.**
334 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

"The best is aye the cheapest."

Avoid imitations
of and substitutes for
SAPOLIO—It is a solid
cake of scouring soap. Try it
in your next house-cleaning.



SEPTEMBER DAYS.

HE—"The crowd has gone. It is very quiet here. Even the weather is monotonous. Nothing has turned up in a week."

SHE—"Just so, dear. Nothing but your trousers."

Good Soup, Well Served

how it refreshes after a long fast—how fittingly it begins all good dinners, especially if made with

Armour's

Extract of BEEF

Our little Cook Book tells how to use Armour's Extract in Soups and Sauces—a different soup for each day in the month. We mail Cook Book free; send us your address.

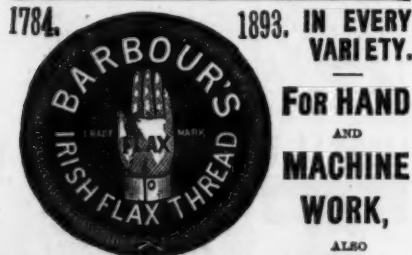
Armour & Co., Chicago.

A GENTLEMAN'S SMOKE.

YALE MIXTURE

Made by MARBURG BROS.

A Delightful Blend of St. James Parish, Louisiana, Perique, Genuine Imported Turkish, Extra Bright Plug Cut, Extra Bright Long Cut, and Marburg Bros.' Celebrated Brand "Pickings."



1784. 1893. IN EVERY VARIETY. **FOR HAND AND MACHINE WORK,** ALSO **Button-sewing, Lace-making, Embroidery, OR OTHER FANCY WORK.** Sold by all Respectable Dealers throughout the Country. **THE BARBOUR BROS. CO.,** New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco. **ASK FOR BARBOUR'S.**

EARL & WILSON'S MEN'S LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS "ARE THE BEST" FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies

—OR—**Other Chemicals** are used in the preparation of **W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa** which is absolutely pure and soluble. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED. Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

CHOCOLAT MENIER



Why is CHOCOLATE not more used in America?

- 1st. People do not know how to properly prepare it.
- 2d. Americans are still bound by the inveterate habit of using Tea, Coffee and Cocoa, which create stomachic debilities and are not in the true sense stimulants.

Cocoa and Chocolate ARE NO MORE TO BE COMPARED WITH EACH OTHER THAN

CHOCOLAT MENIER

Annual Sales Exceed 25 MILLION LBS. SAMPLES SENT FREE. MENIER, N.Y.

Skimmed Milk to Pure Cream.

A pamphlet giving recipes, and samples of Chocolat-Menier,—the Chocolate made by MENIER, Paris, (Noisiel),—will be sent by addressing the American Branch, 86 W. Broadway, cor. Leonard, N. Y. City.

Convenience and Economy

effected in every household by the use of

Liebig Company's Extract of Beef.

The best way to improve and strengthen Soups and Sauces of all kinds is to add a little of this famous product.

COOPER'S FLORAL DENTINE.

OH! SO NICE! So popular with the Ladies for rendering their teeth pearly white. With the Gentlemen for cleansing their teeth and perfuming the breath. It removes all traces of tobacco smoke. Is perfectly harmless and delicious to the taste. Sent by mail for 25 CENTS. At all dealers. Send 2-cent stamp for sample to **E. Cooper & Hardenburgh, Chemists, Kingston, N. Y.**

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 CTS.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS Beware of Imitations. NOTICE OF AUTOGRAF OF **Stewart Hartshorn** THE GENUINE **HARTSHORN**

IF OPIMUM any other drug has got the best of you send to DR. HALL, 56 1/2th Ave., New York, and receive a never-failing cure FREE BY MAIL.

Pears'

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